TEN CENTS A COPY

Madame de Lieven, by Lytton Strachey, on page 748

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Curiosity

CURIOSITY may have been an admirable trait in primitive man when it led him nosing about this and that until he made a tool to cut a stick to hook something or another down from just beyond his reach. Curiosity made him wiser, but curiosity seems to have just the opposite effect upon so-called civilized man. Curiosity in sex matters, for instance. When the dam of Victorian reticence burst and the waters of knowledge came forth, there was a natural interest in what those specialists in human relations, the novelists and dramatists, would say when they could tell all they knew or felt. D. H. Lawrence and others rode upon the wave, sex discussion in really fine novels quickly lost its self-consciousness, and a new area of interpretation was added to fiction in English. But the itching curiosity remained. It grew by what it fed upon and fodder began to be provided for it. Now the presses are pouring out novels whose only excuse is that they satisfy curiosity. Sordid or merely vacuous males, who remind one of Balzac's description of a complexion like a glass of dirty water, wander through sex adventures with strident uninteresting females, in a story which would be as flat as the autobiography one girl in the sandwich shop tells to another one, if it were not for the frank appeal to sex curiosity. There will be not one character that in real life the reader would waste fifteen minutes of his time with, but no doors to bedrooms either, no lights out, no dots and dashes, and only one climax.

This itching and degenerative curiosity has corrupted another kind of literature. In the popular magazine the novel of manners has become an exhibit of the habits of the very rich. It would be interesting to calculate the gross wealth of the chief characters in recent American fiction of this kind. It could be reckoned only in English billions (which we believe are much larger than American ones), and the income taxes would pay the soldiers' bonus. And the stories in which they move owe much of their success to the drench of plutocracy with which they have been soaked. How the millionaire eats, how and when he and his son and his daughter are vicious, why he grows suddenly warm-hearted when given an opportunity to encounter virtues surprisingly like those of the average reader—how plutocrats live, in short, is the theme of this flourishing fiction family which also feeds on childish curiosity. And alas for progress!—where a generation ago the servant girl was always depicted in her basement reading avidly of the habits of duchesses, now the great American and English public by millions gorge themselves with riches in the narrative and rich men's toys in the advertisements.

We are not asking for sumptuary laws in fiction, but merely suggesting that all this "realism" of experience and "novelty" of setting in current fiction which publishers, and some critics, call sophistication and naturalism and honesty and revelation, is, for the greater part, just a catering to man's still primitive itch to know what goes on behind closed doors and inside iron grilles or country-house gates. It is an itch that belongs to the childhood of the race and its persistence indicates a certain childishness in the adult minds of civilized peoples. These books that deal in sexy realism or vulgar opulence, will not they, hard-boiled as they seem to be to gentle, old-fashioned readers, seem a little juvenile once their naturalism is exposed by time as just another chapter of "Secrets of the Bedroom," or a sequel to "The Wicked Millionaire?"

The Love of Books

By JAMES R. CLEMENS

HAPPY he
Who, in his home at night,
Finds in his books delight,
And sweet society;
Whilst he who sees no profit in their use,
Will live a fool and die as great a goose.

At my call
Great Shakespeare and his fellows
Stand ready, like my bellows,
For service menial;
Thus kingly do I sit and at mine ease,
Whilst they, when summoned, do their best to please.

Who pines more
For earthly rank and pelf,
Than good books on his shelf,
Is like a sycamore;
A tree so plagued by density of shade,
That well-intending light shrinks back dismayed.

With a book,
A man is richer far
Than kings and princes are,
Though he no cities took;
For in good books a vein of thought is found,
Which, mined, exhaustless gold yields from the ground.

This Week

"Mère Marie of the Ursulines."
Reviewed by CHARLES F. RONAYNE.

"The Passionate Pilgrim."
Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES.

"Green Hell."
Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL.

"American Humor."
Reviewed by ROBERT E. SPILLER.

"The Gospel According to Saint Luke's."
Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT.

"Enter the Actress."
Reviewed by MONTROSE J. MOSES.

Next Week, or Later

"My Experiences in the World War."
Reviewed by ROBERT ALBION.

Now It Can Be Shrieked*

By JOHN PALMER GAVIT

EVERYBODY remembers that exploit in pure research recounted by John G. Saxe; the Hindu fable of the six men of Indostan,

Who went to see the Elephant
(Though all of them were blind),
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

Bumping against his rough and wrinkled side, feeling of his smooth and pointed tusk, his squirmy trunk, his gnarled and sturdy leg, his flapping ear, his slender tail, they concluded variously, each from his own experience, that the Elephant was very like a wall, a spear, a snake, a tree, a fan, a rope—

Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right
And all of them were wrong.

Not so well remembered may be that similar output of the International Commission, English, French, Polish, on like quest, reporting elaborately (I cite from treacherous memory) each from his characteristic point of view, upon "The Elephant and British Commerce," "Les Amour de l'Eléphant," and, of course, "L'Eléphant et la Question Polonnaise!"

* * *

These classic investigations come irresistibly to mind in contemplating two recent works of diagnosis and prescription regarding the present condition of the more or less United States of America. One (as might be expected with Dr. Schmalhausen as, so to speak, both dominant gene and *accoucheur*) is deadly, sometimes hysterically serious; the other with its tongue visibly in its cheek; not merry but in fact rather acidly satirical, compilation of exceedingly clever articles in *Vanity Fair*, written under a pseudonym said to disguise a government officer whose identity I cannot guess. The first is bound—deliberately, one suspects—in red, the other in blue; but the red one might quite as appropriately have been blue. Anyhow, 'tis blue reading! The blue one . . . well, its jacket is striped in red and white, and its starry blue field is quartered with a dollar-sign, a wine-glass, a five-cent cigar, and a beer-mug foaming.

Between these covers ominously incarnadine (more so than some of the context) Dr. Schmalhausen has gathered a symposium of writers, mostly well-known for views to say the least leftish; about as calmly judicial-minded and restrained in expression as himself. A few seem a bit unusual, not exactly to say uncomfortable, in their juxtaposition. Beside the editor there are thirty-two of them, and to name them is almost to describe the collection:

Harry Elmer Barnes, Robert Morss Lovett, Robert Herrick, John Haynes Holmes, George S. Schuyler, T. Swann Harding, C. Hartley Grattan, Jerome Davis, John T. Flynn, Louis B. Boudin, Melvin P. Levy, A. J. Muste, Arthur W. Calhoun, McAlister Coleman, James Oneal, Henry Seidel Canby, William Seagle, Ernest Gruening, Charles W. Ferguson, Abraham Lefkowitz, Albert Mordell, James Oppenheim, Pierre Loving, Daniel Gregory Mason, Joseph Jastrow, Harry Alan Potamkin, Gorham B. Munson, Edwin Seaver, Robert Dunn, Lewis Corey, Roger N. Baldwin, V. F. Calverton.

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* BEHOLD AMERICA! (A Symposium.) Edited by SAMUEL D. SCHMALHAUSEN. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1931. $5.

WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS. By JAY FRANKLIN. New York: Covici-Friede. 1931. $3.50.

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Many facets of present-day "America" (meaning of course as usual only our own portion of the Western hemisphere) are dealt with under five main headings: "Promise and Fulfilment," "Our Social System in Reality," "Illusion and Disillusion," "The Creative Life in These States," and "America at the Crossroads." Politics, religion, business, education, labor organization and exploitation, racial and sexual relations; eccentricities, fads and fakeries in psychology and psychiatry; professional ethics and practices in law including judicial processes and abuses and violence under cloak of "law and order"; in medicine—teaching, science, historical research and utterance; literature, music, art, "culture" generally, and so on through pretty much the whole gamut of social and economic life in these parts. The consensus appears to be that we are in a pretty sad state, having fallen away from, or anyway failed to exemplify, the ideals of some high faith once delivered to the saints. Furthermore and most alarming of all, it would seem that we are right now at some sort of critical juncture in time, with a God-given opportunity, a bare "Chinaman's chance," to choose some particular road leading to the right destination. It is a bit disappointing—or would be if you really expected it—to derive no clear impression of unanimity as to that destination. From each writer one can gain perhaps a notion of *his* notion, a glimpse of his general bent and trend; but as for any clear leading . . . it is rather bewildering. What else could be expected? 'Twould have been the same with any other personnel. On the whole, it is like most conversations, in which each participant waits with such patience as he may possess, for the other insufferable old wind-bag to run out of breath so that he himself can talk. In the main, however, and with a few exceptions, the assault is upon that old devil Capitalism, as it is alleged to have worked and to be working, now and hitherto.

In other words, each sees what his bent of mind leads him to look for. And what you behold is "America" according to the radical and somewhat ultra-liberal formula; truth, half-truth, exaggerations and distortions of truth, and some sheer nonsense. Which is which is a question dependent greatly upon the standpoint, discernment, and information of the reader. I shall not attempt to criticize in any detail either the selection of the particular writers, or their findings, such as they are, severally or as a whole. Aside from the fact that it would require inordinate consumption—not by any means to say waste—of space, and an affectation of wisdom in many fields beyond even my ordinarily adequate store of gall, at the end you would have only the personal reactions and private opinions of another individual, no better qualified than these—certainly not so well qualified as some of them—either to diagnose or to prescribe.

* * *

The "Jay Franklin" observations are of another sort. The author, who plays his hand alone, isn't any better pleased with "America" as he sees it than the Schmalhausen outfit, but his therapeutics are distinctly old-school. It would be a dismal business to appraise it solemnly, or otherwise than in the spirit of it and from its own satirical point of view. It is highly diverting, cynical; to what extent the absurdities and plain twaddle in it are intentional 'twere hard to say. Some of it is refreshing against the lugubrious ensemble of diatribe in the other book; though "Franklin" does not omit the scathing quality. It should be taken as it was written, in small doses; otherwise there is an unavoidable impression of a self-consciously clever "smart-Aleck," concerned chiefly with being clever at any cost. Underneath is a grimly serious note, struck by a man disgusted with mealy-mouthed hypocrisy, with Main Street aims and slogans, with hot-air and political buncombe and ineptitude in high places and low. We are too fat and comfortable, we need hard work and suffering, including another war that shall really cost us something; we need statesmen rather than spokesmen; brains in politics, government, and administration; we need to stop preaching at each other and listening to preaching, including crooked printing; we need to restore the old-fashioned saloon and to get shamelessly drunk every little while; we need to stop worshipping the dear old Constitution and even to contrive a new one; we need to enjoy clean fun and to stop whining and glooming. We need to get us some "guts," of the kind acquired and displayed in fighting, deprivation, and facing facts, in the kind of struggle that gave "guts" to our fathers who tackled the conquest of the continent; before the lust for luxury and idle ease got into our bones. So "Jay Franklin" affects to think.

> We have plenty of good qualities, of which we know little or nothing . . . In another hundred years or so, it will make what Alexander Hamilton called "a great beast" into a great people.

The two books are mutually antidotal. Their circulation ought to be severely controlled. The Schmalhausen symposium won't do any good to the only kind of people who are likely to read it. They already have in their systems too much of the same; it will only superheat their blood. They need rather some of this "Jay Franklin" stuff, to lower their temperature, to make them laugh, especially at themselves, to give them some time-perspective. The "America" that they see, and that I see, is pretty bad, to be sure; but I don't remember, and haven't read of, any time when it was better. Much less do I know of any other country in fairer phase. I notice that none of these Schmalhausen boys shows any disposition to emigrate—anywhere! The Soviets blew out the best brains in such technological leadership as Russia had, and has had to come to capitalistic America, bad as it is to replace them. One of the American engineers, hired at fabulous salaries to show the Russians how to build vast industrial plants and railroads and to organize immense-scale agriculture, told me the other day that every third Russian asked him anxiously whether he thought they could somehow get what "America" has, of education and efficiency, and material comfort.

* * *

During forty-odd years of newspaper work I have seen the world come to an end on election night, times out of number, when somebody was or wasn't elected, and some fair political panacea went phutt! It is quite exactly thirty-five years since a distinguished man in Chicago, a real thinker, not at all a professional radical, assured me that "America" was rotten to the core and that *within five years* its social-economic system would go down in crashing revolution and give way to some form of coöperative commonwealth. I don't remember whether I believed him—like others who have been young and now are—well, older, I have had my dreams; I have denounced and prophesied, and hoped. Things were pretty intense then; quite as intense as they are now. It was in the immediate aftermath of the Haymarket massacre and the shocking frame-ups and ghastly miscarriages of justice ensuing; of the Pullman strike engineered by Debs; of one of the great industrial depressions and a dreadful winter of unemployment and starvation. A full generation ago and more that was, and "America" looks to me as less likely a field for revolution than it was then. The mills of the gods grind slow. We must keep our shirts on.

Both kinds of hysteria make me laugh. Yesterday a man who hasn't been to church since Hector was a pup, who doesn't know where his Bible is if he owns one, which I doubt; who wouldn't be sure whether Dan and Beersheba or Sodom and Gomorrah were man and wife, places, or states of mind, or whether or not the Epistles were wives of the Apostles—looked at me over his unlawful cocktail glass, vehemently denouncing the activities of the Soviets against religion and the Bible, and accusing "Moscow" of responsibility for the decline in "America" of reverence for law! And here come more Books of Bellyache about the management of affairs in general, written by fellows most of whom you wouldn't commission to run a peanut stand—if you expected to make anything out of the peanuts. Or who . . . well, there was a chap who used to preach Hot Overthrow at the Tuesday Evening Meeting at Chicago Commons. Suddenly and mysteriously he disappeared into the silences; but a bit later I found him, making oodles of money on the Board of Trade—out of the food-stuffs of the masses whose cause so little a while ago he had been vociferating. So different seems the scenery, according as one looks in from out, or out from in!

* * *

The symposium should be made compulsory reading for the D. A. R. and other suchlike organizations of complacent Tories; for the racketeers of pseudo-patriotic hundred-percentism and the credulous suckers on whom they live; for the smug Pollyannas placidly assured that things are, ought to be, and somehow will continue to be "as they always have been"; for stout upholders of "the established order" regardless of who established it or how or why; for the optimists who don't care what happens so long as it doesn't happen to *them*. The Franklin book is good medicine for utopians, for radicals-in-a-hurry, with Five Year Plans and other short-cut happy thoughts about reconstructing the world; more particularly for such of both types as imagine something can be gained by knocking the blocks off of those who do not agree with them. People who can't recognize that Communists shooting the bourgoisie and the bourgoisie breaking Communist skulls with police night-sticks are peas out of the same pod.

Meanwhile, the really Big Fellows of capitalism, the essential brains of Management (more concerned about social welfare and less about personal profit than those who do not know them would suppose), have begun to realize that things can't go on this way; even fish-committees, pre-charged with whitewash, come back from their Red-hunting investigations with warnings to capitalism to clean house and mend its ways. These people are scared about Russia, not because of scruples about religion, but because they aren't sure that something isn't going on there to beat them at their own game. Such as these will do well to study the Schmalhausen symposium, whether or not they divert themselves with the "Jay Franklin" vaudeville. With all its mis-statement and over-statement, it is on the whole a fairly just picture of the state of affairs. Viewed from the seamy side, to be sure; but it is at the seamy side that a competent tailor looks as he projects repairs, or decides to throw the thing away.

Echols to Fraser

THE DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY. Volume VI: Echols to Fraser. Edited by ALLEN JOHNSON and DUMAS MALONE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1931.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THIS indispensable work moves forward past Jonathan Edwards, Emerson, the Field family, and Benjamin Franklin, to a point where the great enterprise is now almost one-third completed. The list of contributors, after rising steadily in the first three volumes, is now slightly diminishing. That is, more names are being entrusted to the office staff and to men who have been found broadly competent in special fields. In thoroughness and accuracy the standard remains as high as ever, and in literary quality—for the Dictionary has it—there is certainly no diminution.

There are fewer great names in this volume than in some of its predecessors; not a single American President except Fillmore appears, and not a single great novelist, poet, or general. The Fiske, Field, and Ford families fill up many pages with second and third-rate personages. Yet the book is hardly of less interest than some of its companion volumes. For one thing, it contains in Carl Becker's twelve-page essay on Franklin one of the most masterly papers that the Dictionary has yet printed. His sketch is marvelously precise in its statement of factual detail, and represents a broad labor of research; but this is by no means its chief merit. The final pages which analyze Franklin's genius and character are an original statement of importance. Mr. Becker places his finger upon the secret of "Franklin's amazing capacity for assimilating experience without being warped or discolored by it." Mark Van Doren's less analytical paper on Emerson, and Ralph Barton Perry's sketch of Charles W. Eliot, are also of eminent quality. For another feature, there are salty personalities enshrined here, whose picturesque traits are not slighted. The grim sea-dog Farragut, the explosive Nat Forrest, the impudent Jim Fisk, the gallant reformer Joseph W. Polk, the dissipated Stephen J. Foster, are typical names in a list that might be made tiresomely long. The essays on some of these men confirm the impression that the greatest value of the whole work, when completed, will be in giving us our first really adequate and convenient information upon a long list of secondary figures who have not been of sufficient importance to achieve separate biographies.

As before, the chief questions raised by the work are those of proportion. Was Bishop John England, of Charleston, South Carolina, really worth five columns when only four are allotted to Millard Fillmore? The editors seem to think so. In a previous volume the famous Speaker, Joseph G. Cannon, was given less room than the educator Wallace Buttrick or than some very obscure writers. But we may be sure that these questions of space have caused endless anxiety to the editors. It is sad to think that this is the last volume which Dr. Allen Johnson was able to see through the press.

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A Study in Adventure

MÈRE MARIE OF THE URSULINES By Agnes Repplier. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by Charles F. Ronayne

IN this book one of our veteran essayists offers us what she justly calls a study in adventure. Primarily it is a biography of Marie Guynard, a French nun of three centuries ago who at forty years of age left her cloistered home in Tours in France and went forth at the missionary call to build a tradition in what is now Quebec. Secondarily it is a rapid survey of nearly four decades of French Canada's early life.

Agnes Repplier devotes her first chapter to a delightfully witty but sober account of the legendary Saint Ursula and the eleven thousand virgin martyrs. On the principle that legend is merely a zealous but untrue account of what happened and not an account of what did not happen, she discusses the saintly adventures of that royal Ursula of Brittany who was martyred at Cologne with several companions in some dateless persecution anterior to the ninth century. We do not know the exact number of those holy women.

> The number first given is eleven, and the step from eleven to eleven thousand was easily and quickly taken. By 850, Wandalbert of Prum had mounted them halfway. By the close of the century they had reached the eleven thousand, at which figure they remained.

In Miss Repplier's opinion, what has made this legendary saint so much more real to us than many a holy name duly placed on the Roman Calendar is the fact that art has seized the legend and made it a thing of beauty.

The Ursuline order is derived from a certain lady of Lombardy who in the sixteenth century conceived the revolutionary notion of teaching little girls on something of the same lines as little boys. After nearly two decades of devotion in prayer and of patience in ecclesiastical diplomacy she was permitted to open a small school in Brescia. In 1596 the new teaching institute was introduced into France. Three years later Marie Guyard, destined to be the most venturesome Ursuline of them all, was born in Tours. Married at seventeen, she was a widow at nineteen "with as many suitors as Penelope." When her son approached the threshold of adolescence she entered the Ursuline novitiate of her native city. Eight years later she was assigned to the missionary venture by her superiors. In May 1639 she left Dieppe with some companions. After ten weeks she reached Quebec.

* * *

In her thirty years' cloistered activity at Quebec she brought to the children of the exiles as well as to Indian girls what Agnes Repplier succinctly calls the imperishable amenities of French civilization. In her first winter she fought an epidemic of smallpox, during which the good sisters were driven to use every available portion of their religious dress to make bandages for their numerous patients. Laboriously she mastered the various Indian dialects, so that later in life she wrote catechisms in the Huron, Algonquin, and Iroquois tongues. She learned that the Indian was a savage by nature and that he "offered an adamantine resistance to the processes of civilization," which is the polite Repplier manner of saying that the Indians did not react favorably to the imperishable amenities which were placed at their disposal.

Mère Marie knew everyone of note in the little colony, from Bishop Laval to Frontenac and the successive governors who sometimes wielded the civil arm without due regard for Laval's episcopal dignity. Although the bishop was always a member of the administrative council, there was constant friction between the clericals and the civil government. "The colony was run as sedately as a Puritan settlement, but a wider margin was left for pleasure." Church and State had many a quarrel on this wide margin. Laval's successor, Monseigneur St. Vallier, objected to the extravagance and impropriety of women's dress and prevented the staging of a Molière comedy by the officers of the lonely garrison. All of which news, and much more, the observant nun noted in her letters to friends in France.

That period of thirty years was a time of intensely rapid growth for Quebec, and Mère Marie in her teaching, in her genius for organization, in her success as a missionary builder, may fitly be called not the least of its founders. She was the very model of a pioneer. Agnes Repplier calmly accepts the usual statement of her admirers to the effect that she was a mystic, but there is not the slightest evidence of her mysticism offered in this biography. "Her ecstatic piety never obliterated her practical qualities."

Of the ecstatic quality of her piety we are told nothing, but of her practical qualities there is page after page of eloquent testimony. Like Teresa of Avila, she was a nun of supreme executive ability. Garmented in courage she seems never to have known the emotion of fear. Even before her life was visibly drawing to its appointed close, she knew the joy of an accomplished purpose. She had seen the dawn of Quebec's new day.

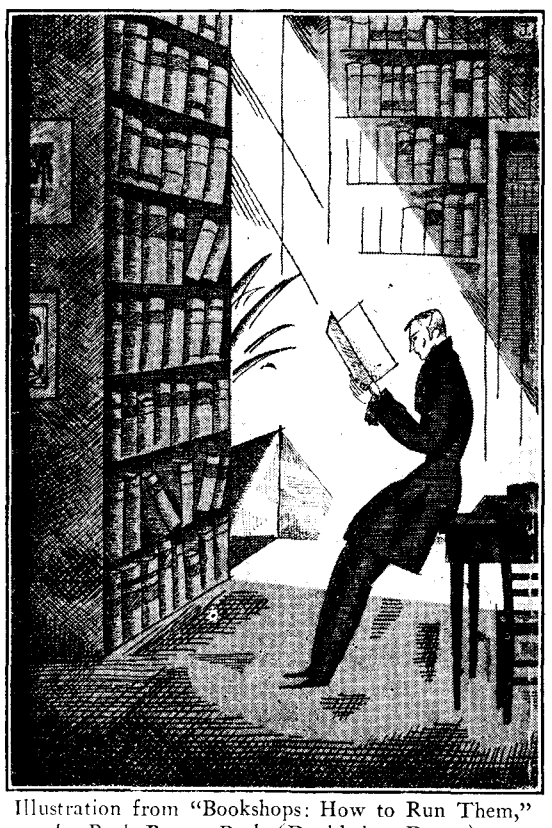

Illustration from "Bookshops: How to Run Them," by Ruth Brown Park (Doubleday, Doran).

Reformer and Theosophist

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM. A Life of Annie Besant. By Gertrude Marvin Williams. New York: Coward-McCann. 1931. $3.50.

Reviewed by Ernest Sutherland Bates

"NOTHING extenuate nor set down aught in malice." Rarely has a biography been written that adheres more closely to this Shakespearian ideal than does Mrs. Williams's life of Annie Besant. The radiant vitality of her heroine dominates the pages. The Besantian extravagances provoke at most a tolerant smile. Annie Besant could ask for no kindlier judge. And yet there is no extenuation of her follies. Mrs. Williams writes with sympathy but she does not temper her justice.

Annie Besant's childhood and youth were clouded by an unfulfilled yearning for affection. Her widowed mother devoted most of her attention to Annie's rather stupid elder brother, Henry, while the far more gifted daughter was treated, in comparison, rather casually. Annie's thwarted emotions sought relief in a mystical sense of union with her Redeemer. Later the Redeemer took earthly form in a callow young curate whom she married. Innocent and ignorant, she was from the first revolted by the physical aspects of marriage. Doubts of her curate led on to doubts of the curate's religion. Annie Besant's critical intelligence, once roused, led her far, though it is to be noted that her acceptance of each new liberal position coincided with an emotional reaction toward some one of its male advocates. During the next twenty years she was successively identified with almost every progressive movement of the period; fighting shoulder to shoulder with the militant atheist Charles Bradlaugh, as co-editor of his *Reformer*, in opposition to religious obscurantism; forty years earlier than Margaret Sanger championing birth control as effectively as she; turning to socialism, when it was too radical even for Bradlaugh, and becoming a prominent member of the Fabian Society; mainly responsible for the successful strike of women matchmakers which started English union labor on its conquering course: beautiful, one of the most brilliant orators of the day, the idol of the working classes. Throughout this period, although she was the target for almost every kind of abuse,—a British court even depriving her of her two children because of her advocacy of birth control—nevertheless her personal integrity was unchallenged. She was admittedly the soul of honor. The life of reason seemed to have found in her one of its most firm defenders.

Then during the "dangerous years" of womanhood she came under the fateful spell of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky. Looking into the heavy-lidded blue eyes of the Russian seeress, she found there a new standard of truth which enabled her to disregard the trail of charlatanism stretching behind H. P. B. from London all the way to Adyar, India. Mysterious messages from "the Masters" began to receive the obeisance which hitherto she had accorded to scientific evidence. She became more and more involved in the defense of dubious practices when after H. P. B.'s death she succeeded her as virtual head of the Theosophical Society, eventually becoming its titular head as well. Enmeshed in a web of intrigue, her twistings and turnings are painful to follow. Her support and subsequent abandonment of the obviously fraudulent "Mahatmic messages" of William Quann Judge, the American leader; her support, abandonment, and renewed support of the sinister Leadbeater in his perverse teachings; her attempt to create a Messiah out of hand in the person of the attractive but in no wise remarkable young Hindu, Krishnamurti; all indicate the struggles of a spirit that has lost its moorings in that which we in the Occident are accustomed to call reality.

In India ideas of reality are somewhat different. There the theosophical jugglery with facts has not prevented the movement from achieving certain very practical results. It seemed sufficiently ridiculous for Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott to set out from America in the 'seventies to carry Hindu philosophy to the Hindus. Yet it turned out that Hindu self-consciousness was then at so low an ebb that it needed such a foreign revitalization. One of Olcott's works on Buddhism was adopted as a textbook in the schools of Ceylon, and he, the outsider, wrought more successfully than any native to bring the warring Buddhist sects to amity. Similarly, no native Hindu, with the exception of Gandhi, has accomplished more than Mrs. Besant, during her long years in India, toward the revival of Hindu nationalism. And she ought, in a way, to be given the credit for Gandhi, since it was she who first roused him out of his English education to a recognition of India's former greatness.

Mrs. Williams does full justice to Mrs. Besant's achievements as a theosophist, but her treatment of some of the other theosophical leaders is less satisfactory. Had she made a more thorough study of Colonel Olcott she would have modified her judgment that he was a sincere incompetent. He was not always sincere, and he was far from incompetent. William Quann Judge was more than a fabricator of Mahatmic letters; he was also a writer of books of considerable merit on the Bhagavat Gita and other Indian classics. Even Leadbeater's extraordinary attempts to chart the mythical theosophic universe deserve to be recorded. The characters in Mrs. Besant's English background are handled more successfully, the portrait of Bradlaugh in particular being superb. But the unhappy James Thomson (B. V.) merited a better fate than to have his name spelled with a "p" as if he were merely a variant form of Francis.

"Blooms and Bottles"

OPUS 7. By Sylvia Townsend Warner. New York: The Viking Press. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by Louis Untermeyer

"OPUS 7" is, in spite of its determinedly unimaginative title, worthy of its variously gifted author. To say that it is both delicate and diabolic, direct and, at the same time, dexterous, is merely to say that it is another book by Sylvia Townsend Warner. Here, again, is that curious flair for a bizarrerie which is more convincing than most realists' realism. One remembers Lolly Willowes and her well-bred, countryside courtship of Satan. No adventures in the South Seas ever communicated that peculiar combination of tropical irony and elemental pathos which is the particular charm of "Mr. Fortune's Maggot"—even though Miss Warner, upon being asked where she learned so much of the exotic flora and fauna, gravely assured me she got them all out of "The Swiss Family Robinson." And one wonders how many readers of that tender Victorian idyl, "The True Heart," realized they were reperusing one of the world's oldest love stories—the tale of Psyche and Eros set in an English village—although Miss Warner supplied sufficient hints, even to the extent of calling

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Venus Anadyomene "Mrs. Seaborn," while the lowly Psyche became the orphan "Sukey," and the not altogether reasonable Eros was translated into the brain-wandering "Erik."

Yet, though "Opus 7" is in the Warner tradition —if one so young may have attained a tradition within seven volumes—it is something new. For one thing it is in verse; for another it is written in couplets that are neither heroic nor experimental, but—if there is such a word—revenantal. It is as if the ghost of Pope had seized Miss Warner's pen and, allowing her to control her own fancy, had added a series of commentaries to prove that the proper student of mankind was a woman. Superficially, "Opus 7" concerns Rebecca Random, a besotted crone, who lived—incongruously enough—in Love Green. Old Rebecca, with an even greater incongruity, had "a green thumb"—that is, she had, through no virtue of her own, a way with flowers. She was a careless, even a neglectful gardener; she neither hoed nor weeded! never divided nor disciplined her plants. And yet

> They throve, said she,
> As children do, by mixing company.

More strangely still, Rebecca did not care for flowers—except as a means of supplying herself with gin. Rebecca's fame spreads, and with fame, rumor multiplies and grows monstrous.

> Two-headed monsters are the natural diet
> Of those pure minds which dwell in country quiet.

But I have no intention of tracing Rebecca's history through her triumph to its tragic finale. It would scarcely be fair to the reader to divulge the outcome; it would, however, be equally unfair not to say that, in spite of a not-too-convincing conclusion, Miss Warner has mixed her wit with wonder—the apostrophe to Spring is a digression which is as successful as it is daring—and that there is as much truth as poetry in her lines. Novelist and lyricist have joined hands here—and extraordinarily skilful and sensitive ones they are.

Apart from the ending, this reviewer has only one complaint: he can scarcely forgive Miss Warner so wilfully prosaic a title. The poem itself suggests a dozen better ones: "All for Gin" "Blossoms and Bottles" even—for the macabre finale prompts the pun—"*Fleurs de Malcohol.*"

Adventure in the Jungle

GREEN HELL. By JULIAN DUGUID. New York: The Century Co. 1931. $4.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

PART of the charm of young Mr. Duguid's story of his experiences in the jungle of eastern Bolivia is due to a certain downrightness and naivété unusual in such explorer's records. He had never roughed it, apparently, knew nothing about horses or looking after one's self in the open, in hard country. He is quite frank to admit that getting away "from the 8:15 to town in the morning" and over the horizon thrilled him in every fibre, and even to confess that in moments of danger he wasn't as all there as he should have been because of a bad habit of hunting, subconsciously, for pat phrases to describe the very peril he was experiencing.

This sort of self-consciousness might be irritating, but in the case of a man so ready to learn and so game as Mr. Duguid, it has just the opposite effect. After he calmly stepped over to that anaconda, and getting a half-Nelson on its neck, held the thrashing serpent until his friend, Bee-Mason could gallop back to camp for his moving-picture and get both man and snake on the film, nobody who hates snakes as much as I do will have any doubts of the author's sporting spirit!

"Green Hell" is his name for the forest country of the Chaco (the region over which Bolivia and Paraguay have had bitter boundary disputes) stretching between the head-waters of the Paraguay River and the foothills of the Andes. Possibly the name plays the horrors of the region up a bit, or lends a slightly misleading connotation. The enemies which the party had to fight—their route ran roughly, along the line of the 18th parallel, South Latitude—were not so much excessive vegetation, for they followed, for the most part, a known trail, but constant lack of water, plagues of flies that tormented by day and made sleep impossible for as many as four or five nights running, vampire-bats that sucked the blood of their pack animals in the darkness, and finally, although this was only a brief episode, hostile Indians. The going was hellish enough, goodness knows.

There were four in the party—three who had come out all the way from England, and a fourth, "Tiger-Man," a capable, tough-bitten, Russian, whom fate and a sentimental misadventure had landed in the South American interior, where he had turned professional tiger hunter. The three Europeans made no secret to themselves of the fact that what they really were out for was adventure and escape "from the 8:15," but they had, nevertheless, the "alibi" which convention usually demands in such cases. Señor Mamerto Urriolagoitia, known as "Urrio" in the book, Bolivian Consul-General in London, could offer a perfectly proper commission from his Government. Bee-Mason, a professional cinema operator, was out to make a commercial film. Duguid could explain that he had been invited to act as chronicler of the expedition. All four seem to have been good fellows and gallant sportsmen, and if the Bolivian government learned anything useful as a result of their trek, so much the better.

Whatever profound ethnological, climatic, commercial, or other observations Señor Urriolagoitia may have turned into the La Paz government, young Mr. Duguid's narrative stands on its own feet and quite justifies his own part of the trip. It is one of those occasional "travel books" (cheap and insulting term in such cases) of which their authors write but one, generally, and which, because of the fresh feeling and honest heart-thumps that go into them, deserve to be placed with literature generally reckoned as more imaginative.

What Mr. Duguid "discovered" in the Chaco is of no moment. But what he felt, as a civilized man suddenly dumped out of the city and into the jungle, and out of the twentieth and into the sixteenth century, was worth feeling and worth recording. His fat book is lively all the way through—one of those happy narratives which serve as a partial substitute for the great mass of city prisoners who can't run away and have such adventures themselves.

Hiking in Nicaragua

VAGABOND'S PARADISE. By ALFRED BATSON. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1931. $2.50.

MR. BATSON'S yarn of his tramping and hitch-hiking adventures, all the way from Nicaragua to New York, by way of Honduras, Guatemala, and Mexico, is first-class of its kind. The kind gets only so far, of course, representing a sort of worm's eye view of the countries traversed, but the young Canadian-American's record is an honest one, lively and full of humor; he sees life, and in his slapdash way he knows how to write.

He was soldiering with Nicaraguan rebels when a U. S. Marine commandant, before whom he was hailed, decided that it was time for Batson and his pal to move along. He had nothing much but the clothes he stood in but he moved with alacrity. New York was only a few thousand miles away, and for a healthy bachelor in the twenties what are a few thousands miles more or less?

Below that chilly level on which tourists and the occasional "serious" tropical travelers move; among beach-combers, the proprietors of little *cantinas* and fourth-rate hotels, the dwellers in little thatched huts along the trail, and so on, there waits a certain warmth and welcome for the hiker who obviously has nothing; especially for a good-natured, likable, white man. You smile at the brown mother's babies and she brings you a pile of home-made *tortillas*. The crew of the rusty banana tramp give you a square meal and a bath and a cigar from the old man's private stock. People are pretty decent, after all.

Batson met all sorts, lived on the country. He was in no particular hurry; could dance with a pretty *señorita*, take a hand in a poker game, stand up to the bar and take—or if he had any money, give—whatever was coming in the way of drinks. He shot an anaconda and ate some of it; was in the thick of a first-class political, plaza gun-fight; hobnobbed with bullfighters in Guatemala City, was entertained by lonely planters, caught a ride when there was one, and when he couldn't walked. Without any agony about it, Batson sees beauty frequently and makes the reader feel it. He can be breezy enough about the "natives" without any of the all-too-common North American insolence. The sort of "tramp" the Spanish-Americans must have been amused to have with them, and whom his own people can read with pleasure.

The Homespun American

AMERICAN HUMOR, A STUDY OF THE NATIONAL CHARACTER. By CONSTANCE ROURKE. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1931. $3.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT E. SPILLER
Swarthmore College

THE homespun native American makes his first bow in Miss Rourke's pages as the Yankee peddler, swapping his calicoes and his fabulous yarns with irresistible persuasion as he marches from the New England of his birth down a fertile Carolina valley or along the Ohio. In him humor and the epic spirit of the frontier are for the first time identified. He is followed closely by the backwoodsman with his exuberant confidence in himself, by the negro on the Georgia plantation or the Mississippi River levee, and finally by the pioneers of the Crockett stamp and the gold seekers of '49. Kniving, dancing, singing, and telling tall tales, these makers of the new America discovered folk bottoms of a native literature. The traditions of Europe and Africa were remembered, but only as seeds to be planted in a new soil and allowed to grow. America had been old because her cultures had been transplanted; when she became young at last, her youth was grotesque, prolonged, and ungoverned.

Miss Rourke thus probes her problem to its fundamentals and seeks an explanation for American humor in its folk epic element. A cursory examination of the origins of any other racial or national literature will quickly affirm the validity of her approach.

The second step in her study takes her inevitably to the stage, for it is in drama that the folk spirit of literate men first finds its ripe expression. Strolling players through the west and south used the cabin, the barn, and the river boat, and conspired with the minstrel, the burlesque, and the stock companies of the urban east to immortalize these native types. The Yankee in his gaudy Uncle Sam costume joins the backwoodsman and the negro in the specialty act and in the full-length comedy of manners. Even the American cockney is personified in Mike Fink, and innumerable others are added to the list. When at last this folk material found its way into journalism in the monologues of Artemus Ward and Josh Billings, its underlying philosophy was ready made and its forms and directions defined. Mark Twain and Bret Harte had some hankerings after a remembered and milder tradition, but the forces in themselves and in their environment were too strong for them.

Miss Rourke thus aligns herself with Mr. Lewis Mumford, Mr. Van Wyck Brooks, and those other literary historians who interpret broadly and sometimes superficially in terms of social movements and forces. But her penetration and grasp are sufficient to make her thought both illuminating and logical. So skilfully does she handle her material, that her conclusions, many of them sensational, seem almost too obvious for mention. This is especially true in her treatment of major American authors, many of them not ordinarily thought of as humorists at all. From humor in its superficial aspects she is carried down, willy-nilly, to the substrata of the American mind. The ratiocinations and the grotesque myth-making of Poe, the introspective lyricism of Emerson, the cosmic egoism of Thoreau and Whitman, all bow to their prototype, the Yankee Jack Dowling. In bald statement, such syntheses seem almost grotesque themselves, but in Miss Rourke's lucid mind, and even more lucid style, the march of their logic is irresistible. When we learn that Christopher Newman of *The American* (and, oddly enough for a study of humor, Henry James receives almost twice as much attention as Mark Twain) is what he is be-

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cause of this native tradition, we agree; and we understand better than we did why Robinson, Frost, and Sandburg are writing American literature, whereas Lowell, Longfellow, and Stedman for the most part were not.

The chief value of Miss Rourke's survey lies in her amazing power of critical synthesis. She introduces some new material and has depended almost entirely upon original sources. On the other hand, there are some rather obvious elements in American humor, such as the tales of Paul Bunyan and Tony Beaver, or the ballads of the cowboys and the mountaineers, for which we might wish fuller treatment than is given them. But by restricting herself to the material which she considers of ultimate significance, by never departing for an instant from her thesis that humor is basically the expression of the folk epic spirit, and by maintaining her swift and lucid critical style at an even level, she has succeeded in writing, apparently almost by accident, the first satisfactory short history of native American literature.

As It Is

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO SAINT LUKE'S. By PHILIP STEVENSON. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

ONE of the most far-reaching of all fables for critics is the story of the answer made by Degas to the lady who asked him why he painted such ugly women. "*Mais, madame,*" he replied, "*les femmes en général sont laides.*" That not only is perfectly true in itself, but lends itself to innumerable paraphrases; thus any writer who considers treating life at a preparatory school must either be false to the facts or must be sometimes dull, for "*la vie à l'école est ennuyeuse.*" Most authors have chosen the former horn of the dilemma; Mr. Stevenson (who will be remembered for his sympathetic studies of adolescence in "The Edge of the Nest") has to his great credit preferred the latter. He is interested solely in depicting school life as it is; and he is prepared to run any risk to do so.

This, which is the weakness of the book, is also its strength. Mr. Stevenson, instead of taking a single hero, has divided his attention equally among a number of boys, fits and misfits, those who enjoy the school and those who hate it, those whom it helps and those whom it harms. He always maintains this carefully balanced view, presenting all sides and letting the reader form his own conclusions. Thus, to take one example, he unsparingly presents the head master as a conscientious snob, encouraging snobbery in the boys; on the other hand, he demonstrates that the school enormously improves the manners of the rough diamond's son, and since snobbery appears in the human soul anyway and good manners do not, perhaps the head master may be acquitted on balance. Similarly, he steadily records that one of the older boys suffers from romantic love of a young one (which goes no farther than an emotion); he records this, without hysteria, as a peculiarly pitiable form of growing pain, which will as probably pass off in time as the romantic adorations small boys conceive for older ones, with the warm encouragement of educators. And one feels everywhere in the book a warm sympathy for all the boys in it, whose difficulties so often increase, for a while, faster than their strength. Thus he records their struggles with philosophy, not with the superior amusement at callowness of Mr. Booth Tarkington, but with the evident knowledge that schoolboys look for a philosophy, with very little help from anybody, because they genuinely must.

This is high praise; but the reader must be warned again that in its devotion to truth the book sometimes drags, as life at prep school does, in spite of its poignant excitements, and the division of interest among a number of boys, whose characters are so little formed that it is hard to keep them straight, prevents the concentrated sympathy which might help one's interest over the flat places. Any one who did not go to a boarding school and wishes to know what it is like may be advised to read this book; any one who wants a case pro or con had better not. The best and the worst that can be said of it is that any one who has been to a preparatory school will find here nothing that is not in his own experience already.

Kahlil Gibran, poet, philosopher, and artist, who died the other day, was widely known as an Arabic writer.

The BOWLING GREEN

The Red and White Girdle

IV. LE COUTEAU TOMBE

IN the dark days just before Christmas 1890, Michel Eyraud and Gabrielle Bompard came to trial. The court was crowded, but Bataille, always a stickler for the refinements of melodrama, reports that the spectators were not particularly of the haut monde. There were not very many notables, he says, though he remarks the presence of several members of the diplomatic corps; come perhaps to ponder the grievances of their indiscreet colleague M. Garanger. For the sensation-curious public one strong element of interest was the much-bruited issue of hypnotism, then in current drawing-room fashion.

There was from the outset little doubt as to Eyraud's fate. He had somewhat the bearing of a gambler who knows he has lost and must pay; his chief preoccupation seemed to be to defend his reputation as a one-time distiller of good cognac. The question was raised, but not settled, whether Gouffé's body was head-up or head-down in the sack; the point being that if the body was head-down then it could hardly have been lowered into the bag by block and tackle, as Eyraud maintained. In this discussion the sack itself was exhibited; whereupon, Bataille bluntly reports, "a cadaveric odor spread throughout the courtroom." The session had to be suspended while the room was aired.

Gabrielle's fight for life was of course the drama of the affair. Her defence introduced medical testimony too complicated to examine in detail here. She began the trial in strong combative spirit, retorting smartly to cross examination, insisting that Eyraud strangled Gouffé with his own hands and that the impromptu gibbet had never been used. But by the second day the ordeal was too much for her nerves. While M. Garanger was on the stand, and the details of her flight with the man of Foreign Affairs were being probed, she screamed and fainted in hysteria and had to be carried out by a guard. This caused a painful impression among the seats reserved for the diplomatic corps, and it was more evident than ever that the unfortunate Garanger's usefulness at the Foreign Office was over. The third day of the trial (December 17, 1890) offers a picture worth preserving. Bataille writes:—

> With the snow falling outside, the court is plunged in almost complete darkness. The lights had to be lit at noon. The unlucky journalists, herded in their narrow pew, fraternally pass candle-ends to each other, sticking them in the ink-wells. These rows of wavering lights give the press-bench the appearance of a small chapel. In this uncertain light Gabrielle Bompard's face shows pale tones that would delight a painter. She is now entirely inert and seems in a state of collapse. From time to time her hand nervously clenches her handkerchief, then she returns into immobility, while Eyraud is quite calm rummaging through his masses of memoranda.

In this gloomy and tremulous light we have to imagine the packed courtroom rippled with those tense or relieved emotions which the reporter records as "mouvements divers," "sourires," "hilarité," "sensation prolongée;" we hear the clear and Latin logic of the French attorneys, their sharp voices shading masterfully through all the nuances of their art; we see on the table of exhibits those foolish and sinister properties with which we have grown familiar. There are Eyraud's rope and pulley; the false beard which apparently he did not use; the ill-famed trunk, bound at the corners with yellow leather; a sealed envelope marked *Gouffé's socks, used by Dr. Lacassagne in his identification.* There, as neatly coiled as a tropical viper, is the red and white rope-girdle itself. With perfect coolness Eyraud shows how the slip-knot was contrived.

It was on this third day that the great hypnotism controversy entered the proceedings. The gist of it was to prove whether Gabrielle could be held responsible for her conduct. Dr. Brouardel of Paris says that she is a thoroughly bad girl, naturally vicious and perverted; physically she is imperfectly developed, but exceptionally intelligent and completely answerable for whatever she does. She is not a hysterical type; she does not show the characteristic skin-insensibility of hysterics; on the contrary (and this amuses Bataille) Dr. Brouardel says she is unusually ticklish. Dr. Sacreste of Lille, however, who has known her from childhood, considers her a morbidly suggestible subject. At her father's request he had hypnotized her as a young girl, in the hope of putting impulses of better behavior into her mind. He had tried by hypnotic suggestion to stop her making signals to young men on the street. He admits that this treatment had not been conclusively beneficial. ("Sourires.")

At this point there emerged the surprising fact that Dr. Voisin, the official prison physician, had hypnotized Gabrielle while she was under arrest before the trial; in a state of trance she had made statements said to have a bearing on the murder. Called upon by the prosecution to reveal the nature of these evidences, the prison doctor declined on the plea of professional privilege. The court upheld him, although Gabrielle's attorney was willing to have her hypnotized again in court and questioned about the crime. There was fierce argument on the point of professional decorum in this matter; so much so that the court was in an uproar and the hall had to be cleared. M. Bataille observes that a number of spectators who were standing quite orderly in the rear of the room were hastily run out, while the seats of advantage, where most of the noise came from, were left undisturbed. "Voilà la justice!"

To have the issue of Gabrielle's moral responsibility so fully discussed was plainly a triumph for her counsel. It was bound to create doubt in the minds of the jury. Professor Liégeois of Nancy, leader of the Hypnotism-in-a-Waking-State school of thought, now spoke for four mortal hours on the pathology of ecstasy, hallucination, somnambulism, catalepsy and induced unconsciousness. To the great annoyance of the District Attorney he insisted that Gabrielle was a mere automaton under Eyraud's influence. As a matter of fact he had never seen Gabrielle before, and I don't think anyone took Professor Liégeois very seriously. Certainly those of us who have grown to feel we know something about Gabrielle do not regard her as under any circumstances an automaton. But there was no way to abridge the learned professor's innumerable anecdotes of hypnosis; he alarmed the court by taking refuge in Article 319, paragraph 3, of the Criminal Code, which "permits a witness to make his deposition without interruption." Professor Liégeois seemed to contend that almost anyone might be put under the hypnotic influence of another, even unawares and in the twinkling of an eye; he told some remarkably sportive case-histories to prove it. To this the prosecution retorted that perhaps the Professor himself had been hypnotized by the lawyers of the defence, and had come all the way from Nancy in an unconscious trance of suggestion. M. Bataille, growing weary of all this, concludes that the Professor's sleep-inducing powers were indubitable; for during the whole course of his harangue Gabrielle herself slept soundly on the shoulder of a court attendant.

But we draw toward the end. The wrangles on the matter of hypnotism were finally dismissed as irrelevant by both sides. On the fifth day, with a return of strong French realism, the lawyers addressed themselves to concluding the unsavory business; and probably the jury were getting impatient to do their Christmas shopping. The Attorney General (M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire) said:—

> Pour Gabrielle Bompard, je la remets entre vos mains. Elle a vingt-deux ans. Une fois, c'était au début de ma carrière, il m'est arrivé de requérir la peine de mort contre une jeune fille de vingt ans. Le jury ne m'a pas suivi, et, le soir, j'en ai été bien heureux.

The verdict was death for Eyraud, and 20 years Hard Labor for Gabrielle.

Eyraud was executed by guillotine on the Place de la Roquette, February 3, 1891. The last road traveled by that lover of sordid streets was the rue de la Roquette, highway of grim associations from the Bastille to Père Lachaise. From prison he wrote two letters to his wife and daughter which are singularly dignified and affecting. He begged them to forget him and change their name; he made no protestation of innocence. Called at dawn on the last day, he twice refused the brandy they offered him; cognac, his old friend and enemy, could do no more for him now. Perhaps in the soiled strands of red and white twisted in the story there is one flash of clear color. I seem to see it in his words on the way to the scaffold. He spoke of Gabrielle. "Ah, elle est jolie, celle-là."

"Le couteau tombe. C'est fini."

Gabrielle, if still living, finished her travaux forcés long ago—in 1910. Even now she would be only 62. I wonder if she feels a little queer when she sees a huissier; or remembers Niagara Falls.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Madame De Lieven

ARISTOCRATS (no doubt) still exist; but they are shorn beings; for whom the wind is not tempered—powerless, out of place, and slightly ridiculous. For about a hundred years it has been so. The stages in the history of nobility may be reckoned by the different barricades it has put up to keep off the common multitude. The feudal lord used armor to separate him from the rest of the world; then, as civilization grew, it was found that a wig did almost as well; and there was a curious transition period (*temp. Marlborough*) when armor and wigs were worn at the same time. After that, armor vanished, and wigs were left, to rule splendidly through the eighteenth century, until the French Revolution. A fearful moment! Wigs went. Nevertheless the citadel still held out, for another barrier remained—the barrier of manners; and for a generation it was just possible to be an aristocrat on manners alone. Then, at last, about 1830, manners themselves crumbled, undermined by the insidious permeation of a new—a middle-class—behavior; and all was over.

Madame de Lieven was one of the supreme examples of the final period. Her manners were of the genuinely terrific kind. Surrounded by them, isolated as with an aseptic spray, she swept on triumphantly, to survive untouched—so it seemed—amid an atmosphere alive with the microbes of bourgeois disintegration. So it seemed—for in fact something strange eventually happened. In her case, aristocracy, like some viscous fluid flowing along, when it came to the precipice did not plunge over the edge, but—such was its strength, its inherent force of concentration—moved, as it had always moved, straight onward, until it stuck out, an amazing semi-solid projection, over the abyss. Only at long last was there a melting; the laws of nature asserted themselves; and the inevitable, the deplorable, collapse ensued.

Born in 1785, a Russian and a Benckendorf, Madame de Lieven was by blood more than half German, for her mother had come from Württemberg and her father's family was of Prussian origin. From the first moment of her existence she was in the highest sphere. Her mother had been the favorite companion of the Empress Marie, wife of Paul I, and on her death the Empress had adopted the young Benckendorfs and brought them up under her own care. At the age of fifteen, Dorothea was taken from a convent and married to the young Count de Lieven (or, more correctly, Count Lieven without the "particule"; but it would be pendantry to insist upon an accuracy unknown to contemporaries) whose family was no less closely connected with the Imperial house. His mother had been the governess of the Emperor Paul's children; when her task was over, she had retained the highest favor; and her son, at the age of twenty-eight, was aide-de-camp to the Emperor and Secretary for War. Paul I was murdered; but under the new Czar the family fortunes continued to prosper—the only change being the transference of the Count de Lieven from the army to the diplomatic service. In 1809 he was appointed Russian ambassador at Berlin; and in 1812 he was moved to London, where he and his wife were to remain for the next twenty-two years.

The great world in those days was small—particularly the English one, which had been kept in a vacuum for years by the Napoleonic War. In 1812 a foreign embassy was a surprising novelty in London, and the arrival of the Lievens produced an excitement which turned to rapture when it was discovered that the ambassadress was endowed with social talents of the highest order. She immediately became the fashion—and remained so for the rest of her life. That she possessed neither beauty nor intellect was probably a positive advantage; she was attractive and clever—that was enough. Her long, gawky figure and her too pronounced features were somehow fascinating, and her accomplishments were exactly suited to her *milieu*; while she hated reading, never opening a book except Madame de Sévigné's letters, she could be very entertaining in four languages, and, if asked, could play on the pianoforte extremely well. Whenever she appeared, life was enhanced and intensified.

She became the intimate friend of several great hostesses—Lady Holland, Lady Cowper, Lady Granville; she was successfully adored by several men of fashion—Lord Willoughby, Lord Gower, and (for a short time—so it was whispered) the Prince Regent himself. She was made a patroness of Almack's—the only foreign lady to receive the distinction. Exclusive, vigorous, tart, she swept on her way rejoicing—and then there was a fresh development. The war over, the era of conferences opened. 1818, at Aix-la-Chapelle, where all the ministers and diplomats of Europe were gathered together, she met Metternich, then at the beginning of his long career as the virtual ruler of Austria, and a new and serious love affair immediately began. It lasted during the four years that elapsed between the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle and that of Verona; and in Metternich's love-letters—extremely long and extremely metaphysical—the earlier stages of it may still be traced. The affair ended as suddenly as it had started. But this close relationship with the dominating figure in European politics had a profound effect on Madame de Lieven's life.

HENCEFORWARD, high diplomacy was to be her passion. She was nearly forty; it was time to be ambitious, to live by the head rather than the heart, to explore the mysteries of chanceries, to pull the strings of cabinets, to determine the fate of nations; she set to work with a will. Besides her native wits, she had two great assets—her position in English society, and the fact that her husband was a nonentity—she found that she could simply step into his place. Her first triumph came when the Czar Alexander entrusted her personally with an overture to Canning on the thorny question of Greece. Alexander's death and the accession of Nicholas was all to the good: her husband's mother received a princedom, and she herself in consequence became a Princess. At the same time Russia, abandoning the traditions of the Holy Alliance, drew nearer to England and the liberal policy of Canning. Madame de Lieven became the presiding genius of the new orientation; it was possibly owing to her influence with George IV that Canning obtained the premiership; and it was certainly owing to her efforts that the Treaty of London was signed in 1827, by which the independence of Greece became an accomplished fact.

After Canning's death, she formed a new connection—with Lord Grey. The great Whig Earl became one of the most ardent of her admirers. Sitting up in bed every morning, he made it his first task to compose an elaborate epistle to his Egeria, which, when it was completed, he carefully perfumed with musk. The precise nature of their relationship has never transpired. The tone of their correspondence seems to indicate a purely platonic attachment; but tones are deceitful, and Lord Grey was a man of many gallantries; however, he was sixty-eight. It is also doubtful who benefited most by the connection: possibly the lady's influence was less than she supposed. At any rate it is certain that when, on one occasion, she threatened a withdrawal of her favors unless the Prime Minister adopted a particular course, she was met with a regretful, an infinitely regretful, refusal; upon which she tactfully collapsed. But, on another occasion, it seems possible that her advice produced an important consequence. When Lord Grey took office, who was to be Foreign Minister? Lady Cowper was Madame de Lieven's great friend, and Palmerston was Lady Cowper's lover. At their request, Madame de Lieven pressed the claims of Palmerston upon the Premier, and Palmerston was appointed. If this was indeed the result of her solicitations, the triumphant Princess was to find before long that she had got more than she had bargained for.

In the meantime, all went swimmingly. There was always some intriguing concoction on the European table—a revolution in Portugal—the affairs of Belgium to be settled—a sovereign to be found for Greece—and Madame de Lieven's finger was invariably in the pie. So we see her, in the Memoirs and Letters of the time, gliding along in brilliant activity, radiating focus of enjoyment, except—ah! it was her one horror!—when she found herself with a bore. If it was her highest felicity to extract, in an excited tête-à-tête, the latest piece of diplomatic gossip from a Cabinet Minister, her deepest agony was to be forced to mark time with undistinguished underlings, or—worst of all!—some literary person. On such occasions she could not conceal her despair—indeed she hardly wished to—even from the most eminent—even from the great Châteaubriand himself. "Quand elle se trouve avec des gens de mérite," he acidly noted, "sa stérilité se tait; elle revêt sa nullité d'un air supérieur d'ennui, comme si elle avait le droit d'être ennuyée."

She only admitted one exception: for royal personages very great allowances might be made. A royal bore, indeed, was almost a contradiction in terms; such a flavor of mysterious suavity hovered forever round those enchanted beings. She was always at her best with them, and for her own particular royalties—for the Czar and the whole imperial family—no considerations, no exertions, no adulations could be too great. She corresponded personally with her imperial master upon every twist and turn of the international situation, and yet there were tedious wretches . . . she would not bear it, she would be ruthless, they should be *écrasés*—and she lifted her black eyebrows till they almost vanished and drew herself up to her thinnest height. She looked like some strange animal—what was it? Somebody said that Madame Appony, another slender, tall ambassadress, was like a giraffe, and that she and Madame de Lieven were of the same species. "Mais non!" said Madame Alfred de Noailles, "ce n'est pas la même classe: l'une mangera l'autre et n'aura qu'un mauvais repas"—"One sees Lieven," was Lady Granville's comment, "crunching the meek Appony's bones." Everyone was a little afraid of her—everyone, that is to say, except Lady Holland; for "Old Madagascar" knew no fear. One day, at a party, having upset her work basket, she calmly turned to the ambassadress with, "Pick it up, my dear, pick it up!" And Madame de Lieven went down on her knees and obeyed. "Such a sight was never seen before," said Lady Granville.

Lady Holland—yes; but there was also somebody else; there was Palmerston. Madame de Lieven, having (so she was convinced) got him his appointment as Foreign Secretary, believed that she could manage him; he was, she declared, "un très-petit esprit"; the mistake was gross, and it was fatal. In 1834, Palmerston appointed Stratford Canning ambassador to Russia; but the Emperor disliked him, and let it be known, through Madame de Lieven, that he was unwilling to receive him. Palmerston, however, persisted in his choice, in spite of all the arguments of the ambassadress, who lost her temper, appealed to Lord Grey—in vain, and then—also in vain—tried to get up an agitation in the Cabinet. Finally she advised the Czar to stand firm, for Palmerston, she said, would give way when it came to the point. Accordingly, it was officially stated that Stratford Canning would not be received in Russia. The result, however, was far from Madame de Lieven's expectations. Palmerston had had enough of female interferences, and he decided to take this opportunity of putting an end to them altogether. He appointed no ambassador, and for months the English business in St. Petersburg was transacted by a *chargé d'affaires*. Then there happened precisely what the wily minister had foreseen. The Emperor could support the indignity no longer; he determined to retort in kind; and he recalled the Lievens.

SO ended the official life of the Princess. The blow was severe—the pain of parting was terrible—but, as it turned out, this was only the beginning of misfortune. In the following year, her two youngest sons died of scarlet fever; her own health was broken; stricken down by grief and illness, she gave up the Court appointment with which her services had been rewarded, and went to live in Paris. Suddenly she received a peremptory order of recall. Nicholas, with autocratic caprice, had flown into a fury; the Princess must return! Her husband, seeing that a chance of self-assertion had at last come to him, fell in with the Emperor's wishes. A third son died; and the Prince was forbidden to communicate the fact to his wife; she only learnt it, months later, when one of her letters to her son was returned to her, with the word "mort" on the envelope.

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by Lytton Strachey

After that, there was a hectic correspondence, the Prince at one moment actually threatening to cut off his wife's supplies if she remained in Paris. She would not budge, however, and eventually the storm blew over; but the whole system of Madame de Lieven's existence had received a terrible shock. "Quel pays!" she exclaimed in her anguish. "Quel maître! Quel père!"

The instinct which had kept her in Paris was a sound one; for there, in that friendly soil, she was able to strike fresh roots and to create for herself an establishment that was almost a home. Her irrepressible social activities once more triumphed. Installed in Talleyrand's old house at the corner of the Rue de Rivoli and the Rue St. Florentin, with an outlook over the Place de la Concorde, she held her nightly *salon*, and, for another twenty years, revived the glories of her London reign. Though no longer in any official situation, she was still perpetually occupied with the highest politics, was still the terror of embassies, still the delight of the worldly and the great. Still, in her pitiless exclusiveness, she would *écraser* from time to time some wretched creature from another sphere. "Monsieur, je ne vous connais pas," she said in icy tones to a gentleman who presented himself one evening in her *salon*. He reminded her of how often they had met at Ems, in the summer—had taken the waters together—surely she must remember him. "Non, Monsieur," was the adamantine reply, and the poor man slunk away, having learnt the lesson that friendship at Ems and friendship in Paris are two very different things.

Such was the appearance; but in fact something strange had happened: Madame de Lieven's aristocracy was trembling over the abyss. The crash came on June 24th, 1837—the date is significant: it was four days after the accession of Queen Victoria—when, worn out by domestic grief, disillusioned, embittered, unable to resist any longer the permeations of the Time Spirit, the Princess fell into the arms of Monsieur Guizot. Fate had achieved an almost exaggerated irony. For Guizot was the living epitome of all that was most middle-class. Infinitely respectable, a Protestant, the father of a family, having buried two wives, a learned historian, he had just given up the portfolio of public instruction, and was clearly destined to be the leading spirit of the bourgeois monarchy of Louis-Philippe. He was fifty years old. His first wife had been a child of the *ancien régime*, but he had tamed her, turned her thoughts towards duty and domesticity, induced her to write improving stories for the young, until at last, suddenly feeling that she could bear it no longer, she had taken refuge in death while he was reading aloud to her a sermon by Bossuet on the immortality of the soul. His second wife—the niece of the first—had needed no such pressure; naturally all that could be wished, she wrote several volumes of improving stories for the young quite of her own accord, while reflections upon the beneficence of the creator flowed from her at the slightest provocation; but she too had died; his eldest son had died; and the bereaved Guizot was left alone with his high-mindedness.

MADAME DE LIEVEN was fifty-two. It seemed an incredible love affair—so much so that Charles Greville, who had known her intimately all his life, refused to believe that it was anything but a "social and political" *liaison*. But the wits of Paris thought otherwise. It was noticed that Guizot was always to be found in the house in the Rue St. Florentine. The malicious Mérimée told the story of how, after a party at the Princess's, he had been the last to leave—except Guizot; how, having forgotten something, he had returned to the drawing-room, and found that the Minister had already taken off the ribbon (the "grand cordon") of the Legion of Honor. A chuckle—a chuckle from beyond the tomb—reached the world from Châteaubriand. "Le ridicule attendait à Paris Madame de Lieven. Un doctrinaire grave est tombé aux pieds d'Omphale: 'Amour, tu perdis Troie.'"

And the wits of Paris were right. The *liaison*, certainly, was strengthened by political and social interests, but its basis was sentimental passion. The testimony of a long series of letters puts that beyond a doubt. In this peculiar correspondence, pendantry, adoration, platitudes, and suburban *minauderies* form a compound for which one hardly knows whether smiles or tears are the appropriate reaction. When Guizot begins a love letter with—"Le Cardinal de Retz dit quelque part," one can only be delighted, but when Madame de Lieven exclaims, "Ah! que j'aurais besoin d'être gouvernée! Pourquoi ne me gouvernez-vous pas?" one is positively embarrased. One feels that one is committing an unpardonable—a deliciously unpardonable—indiscretion, as one overhears the cooings of these antiquated doves. "Si vous pouviez voir," he says, with exquisite originality, "*tout ce qu'il y a dans mon coeur, si profond, si fort*, si éternel, si tendre, si triste!" And she answers, "Maintenant, je voudrais la tranquillité, la paix du cottage, votre amour, le mien, rien que cela. Ah! mon ami, c'est là le vrai bonheur." *La paix du cottage!* Can this be really and truly Madame de Lieven?

Yet there was a point at which she did draw the line. After the death of the Prince in 1839, it was inevitable that there should be a suggestion of marriage. But it faded away. They were never united by any other vows than those which they had sworn to each other in the sight of heaven. It was rumored that the difficulty was simply one of nomenclature. Guizot (one would expect it) judged that he would be humiliated if his wife's name were not his own; and the Princess, though wishing to be governed, recoiled at that. "Ma chère, on dit que vous allez épouser Guizot," said a friend. "Est-ce vrai?" "Oh! ma chère," was the reply, "me voyez-vous annoncée Madame Guizot!" Was this the last resistance of the aristocrat? Or was it perhaps, in reality, the final proof that Madame de Lieven was an aristocrat no longer?

The idyll only ended with death—though there were a few interruptions. In 1848, revolution forced the lovers to fly to England; it also precipitated the aged Metternich, with a new young wife, upon these hospitable shores. The quartet spent a fortnight together at Brighton; until their discreet conversations were ended for ever by the restoration of order; and the *salon* in the Rue St. Florentin was opened again. But a new dispensation was beginning, in which there was no place for the old minister of Louis-Philippe. Guizot stood aside; and, though Madame de Lieven continued to wield an influence under the Second Empire, it was a gradually declining one. The Crimean War came as a shattering blow. She had made it up with the Czar; their correspondence was once more in full swing; this was known, and, when war came, she was forced to leave Paris for Brussels. Her misery was complete, but it only lasted for eighteen months. She crept back on the plea of health, and Napoleon, leniently winking at her presence, allowed her to remain—allowed her at last to reopen, very gingerly, her salon. But everything now was disappearing, disintegrating, shimmering away. She was in her seventy-second year; she was ill and utterly exhausted; she was dying. Guizot, a veteran too, was perpetually at her bedside; she begged him at last to leave her—to go into the next room for a little. He obeyed, and she was dead when he returned to her. She had left a note for him, scribbled in pencil—"Je vous remercie des vingt années d'affection et de bonheur. Ne m'oubliez pas. Adieu, Adieu." At the last moment, with those simple and touching words, the old grandeur—the original essence that was Dorothea Benckendorf—had come into its own again.

Giles Lytton Strachey (who uses the Giles only for the purposes of "Who's Who") might almost be termed the father of contemporary biography. Born in 1880, he was educated at Cambridge University. His publications include "Landmarks in French Literature," "Eminent Victorians," "Queen Victoria," "Books and Characters," and "Pope." Harcourt, Brace & Company have a new volume of his essays in preparation at the moment.

True Equality

EQUALITY. By R. H. TAWNEY. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by L. R. E. PAULIN

THERE is little comfort in this book for those conservatives who believe that society as it exists today and big industry as it is now organized are a precious heritage that no reformers' hands can possibly change for the better. The model on which we have built, to the author's mind, is faulty and largely obsolete. To an orderly presentation of facts and closely reasoned conclusions he brings a clarity of style that makes him a persuasive advocate.

Surveying what has been accomplished in the name of economic efficiency, he asks whether what is most to be derived for the general welfare is to be attained in the region of more and better machinery and organization so well as through the creation of a more humane and flexible social system. Quite frankly he is less concerned with mass production, cheaper and larger output, and increasing profits than with the future well-being of the growing class of wage earners the insecurity of whose jobs is a constant cause of anxiety.

The class system in England, on which Mr. Tawney centres his attack as the source of inequality and injustice, carries with it not only differences of status and power, but of authority and subordination. Class tends to determine occupation rather than occupation class. The separation of the groups which direct and own the machinery of industry from those which perform the everyday routine work is obvious: consequently there arises the immense numerical preponderance of the wage-earning population over all other sections of the community. The census of 1921 revealed that of the occupied population 3.7 per cent were employers, 90 per cent employed, and 6.3 per cent workers on their own account. Over three-quarters of the community, differing as to income, social conditions, and personal interests depend for living on the wage contract, and except for household goods and personal belongings, are almost propertyless. Two-thirds of the wealth is owned by one per cent. On the other hand, under industrialization joint stock enterprises have in some measure diffused ownership, but centralized control. The entire system is marked not only by sharp differences of economic status and economic power, but of pecuniary income, circumstances, and opportunity.

Mr. Tawney sums up his analysis with this unanswerable conclusion:

> Not only are there the oft-cited disparaties of financial resources, which are susceptible of statistical measurement, but, what is more fundamental, education, health, the opportunities for personal culture and even decency, and sometimes, it would seem, life itself, tend to be meted out on a graduated scale, so that the destiny of the individual is decided . . . not by his personal quality, but by his place in the social system, by his position as a member of this stratum or that.

In this newer order of industrial civilization most economic activity is corporate activity; will the public possess adequate guarantees that those economic movements which are controllable are controlled in the general interest, not in that of a minority? How far will and must the state intervene where industries, such as transportation and mining, have a public function and status, and by regulation or representation in the direction of industry assure its orderly and equitable operation, the adjustment of the interests of employers and workers and the public and promote intelligent collaboration and mutual confidence and justice?

Dr. Erik Axel Karlfeldt, Swedish lyricist and permanent secretary of the Swedish Academy, who died reecntly, was born in Dalarne, had been connected with the Nobel Institute for many years, and was the author of several lyrical works. His "Fridolin's Songs" are to be found in practically every Swedish home. The poet Karlfeldt belonged to an old peasant family, and his poetry is concerned largely with the life and customs of the Dalecarnian peasants.

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SOME RECENT FICTION

Ozark Folk

GAMBLER'S WIFE. By ELIZABETH GERTRUDE STERN. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by CLINTON SIMPSON

THE author of this novel obviously knows the mid-American scene well, and she has taken pains to observe the local dialects exceptionally closely. She can distinguish between "the familiar drawl of Arkansas, the elongated vowels of Kansas, the soft, slurred speech of Texas," for instance. The conversation in the novel is largely in dialect, and while the author does not attempt to reproduce all the sectional shadings, the dialect is generally good. It is not difficult to read, and helps to make many of the scenes, particularly those in the first part of the book, convincing.

In general, the local color is good. The incidents in Oklahoma towns—or camps, if you prefer—soon after the opening of the territory for settlers, the Ozark spelling-bees and camp meetings, the typical frontier scenes—all are well done, and interesting for the pictures they give of the times. The story of Judith's love for the gambler, Phil Harrington, their marriage and first months together, Judith's disillusionment—this story is colorful, written with tenderness and ardor.

However, that story occupies only roughly a quarter of the book. After Phil's desertion, Judith struggles heroically to support her family and protect it. Phil returns occasionally, and Judith always forgives him, only to see him desert again. The children work and marry, and their varied interests and experiences take up more of her life. The family moves to New York, and the story ends with Judith's last attempt to try her strength against the world, an attempt in which she fails.

Judith is a truly heroic woman, whose strength and patience are things at which we marvel. Admirable as she is, however, she is presented through a mass of incident which often obscures her character, and we have to reconstruct our own picture of her, to some degree, from chance details. The author has not given us a revealing story of Judith's later life, or made it of more than the most oblique interest. Nowhere in the latter part of the book does she recapture the charm of those first chapters.

Three Packets of Fiction

TWO FAMILIES. By ARCHIBALD MARSHALL. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50.

HOUSE PARTY. By E. M. DELAFIELD. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1931. $2.50.

KIN. By VAHRAH VON KLOPP. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by ROBERT HERRICK

ONE of 323 pages, one of 333, one of 310, all in illuminated covers, each with its appropriate "blurb," these three packets of fiction fresh from the press differ somewhat in contents. "Two Families" is another of Mr. Marshall's faint pastels of English county society, with its great house, its dower house, the "living" to be presented to the younger son, etc., etc., such as he has been turning out for so many years to the satisfaction of a considerable body of readers, who like to move in the better class of society. Although "Two Families" chronicles the disintegration of one—the landed—family and the rise of another from village obscurity through trade to affluence between 1865 and the present time, the picture of England which it offers is essentially Victorian and reminiscential. That background of English country life so widely exploited by many novelists since Trollope has shrunk pitifully almost to the point of total disappearance since the war. In a world of soviets, *swaraj*, labor governments, and high income taxes it appears unreal and far-a-way, and in Mr. Marshall's prolix description of its amenities singularly unvital.

"Country House" by a younger author "carries on" in the up-to-date England of money hunger, free matrimonial exchanges, and bad manners. If these two contemporary novels are to be taken as typifying the changes wrought in England by conditions since the great war, the result is all for the bad in morals, character, manners. It is as if a big American sponge of sexual looseness and greed had been smudged over Mr. Marshall's pretty picture obliterating its prim outlines. But it is more vital, more dramatic, and contains at least one figure, that of the rich, man-snatching Clarissa, who demonstrates how with sufficient money all things are possible to a woman, that is minutely convincing. As an entertainment (except for those who are incorrigibly addicted to the unreal) "Country House" is immensely superior to "Two Families" and deserves its price.

"Kin" presents an outlaw family that has trekked across plains and mountains from Texas to southern California sixty years ago. If "tense" moments of animal passions and ruffianly brawls make for vitality, this story by a young American writer of an uncivilized family on a new frontier outstrips either of the English novels. There are no inhibitions. But it is chiefly remarkable as an instance of what the motion picture has done and is doing to fiction. Characters and situations are conceived in the chaotic, emphatic manner of "pictures"; even the verbless, staccato style like a volley of pistol shots recalls the screen before the talkies came in. Not merely has the author written with one eye on possible picture rights, but her imagination has been fed so long on the furious exaggerations of the screen world that unconsciously she reproduces its distortions as credible in the sober garb of prose fiction. . . .

Three packets of fiction shot from the endless belt of the press, each neatly wrapped and labelled like confectionery!

A Rhapsody of Childhood

THE BITTER ORANGE TREE. By PANAIT ISTRATI. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by NIVEN BUSCH, JR.

PANAIT ISTRATI, the young Roumanian who once attempted suicide on a street in Lyons with a letter to Romain Rolland in his pocket, and who was thereafter sponsored and befriended by Rolland and Georg Brandes, has not without reason been called "the Gorki of the Balkans." For the influence of Gorki is strong in him, in his thought rather than his phrasing; it is an influence which has enriched without in the least overcasting Istrati's energetic and special identity. He writes in French (the original title of "The Bitter Orange Tree" was *Le Refrain de la Fosse*) but concerns himself with his own people. His style, realistic, staccato, and intense, keyed at a higher pitch than most prose, and continuing its approximation of poetry in the repetition of quoted verses which recur as a theme—the whole heartbeat of the book, in fact, is remote from French tradition. So is his necessity for clarifying a character by passionate concentration until the character becomes, in the manner of Dostoievsky and to a lesser degree, of Gorki, a symbol—not of a class of people, but of a class of emotions, a universal human idea.

Panait Istrati's story deals with an orphaned girl of Jewish and Greek descent living in Braila. She has no name. Some call her "water-carrier" because of her trade, but the gamins who play with her in the streets have another word for her: Nerrantsoula, deriving it from the refrain of a Greek verse she continually chants, *Nerrantsoula foundoti*, "the bitter orange tree." Two adolescent boys love her, and their unconsummated passion endures so steadfastly that after she has disappeared they search for her for five years. They find her in a brothel in a district of Braila called The Ditch. Here one of the lovers asserts a claim over her which defeats that of his rival because it is a token of greater suffering, and the defeated lover takes up the support of a crippled artist who has been the object of Nerrantsoula's thwarted love during her years as a prostitute.

"The Bitter Orange Tree" is not a novel in any sense except that by which the name is loosely applied to any work more than two hundred pages long and employing fictional characters and events. It is realistic, but realistic with a poetic intensity which is at once its strength and its limitation. Lacking the pitch of prose, soaring up from that pitch, as something of a lower order, something to be spurned, vibrating with a lyric pulse of its own, it forgoes of necessity the lowly virtues of workaday language, the documentation and the logic so necessary in making the poetic story values explicit. Yet in spite of its lack of integration "The Bitter Orange Tree" is forcefully conceived. It is a rhapsody of childhood, of that revelation of adolescence in which, for a moment, flesh and spirit are balanced in a capacity for perfect love that can never be realized but whose intimations may endure for a lifetime.

June, 1914

Reviewed by STANLEY WENT

ST. VITUS DAY. By STEPHEN GRAHAM. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1931. $2.50.

IF ever a shot was heard around the world it was that from the pistol of the boy Princip which killed Franz Ferdinand at a bridge in Sarajevo on Vidovdan (St. Vitus' Day), the 28th of June, 1914. It was the first shot of the World War, and it, or something like it, had been inevitable since the brutal annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by the Dual Monarchy six years previously. The bridge where the assassination took place is now called Princip Bridge, and the eighteen-year-old boy who fired the shot is a national hero. At least his act accomplished its object—Bosnia is free. Few assassinations in history have done as much.

Stephen Graham writes the story of the plot, the assassination, and its aftermath in fiction form, which allows him freedom in showing the conspiracy in its setting of Slav patriotism and Austrian provocation, but has the defects of its qualities in that historical accuracy impedes a story, and a fictional form makes one suspicious about historical accuracy. Moreover, assassination is an ugly business for a hero, no matter how honorable a man Brutus may have been.

There is no reason to doubt, however, that the main facts were as Mr. Graham sets them forth. Bosnia, as was natural, was riddled with disaffection and conspiracy, and plots to assassinate somebody were part of the current coin of conversation of the boys and girls of high school age. The heir to the throne, insolently visiting Bosnia's capital on its most sacred national festival, the day of remembrance for Kossovo, was a shining mark. The amazing thing is that while everybody recognized the strong probability of an attack on his life—plots were discussed almost openly in the streets and cafés—scarcely any precautions were taken to protect him. There was jealousy between Vienna and the local authorities, and the capital seems to have washed its hands of the whole business. Even so, in the end it was almost by chance that Princip got his opportunity. One of the other conspirators had lukewarmly thrown a bomb, and the angry archduke decided to cancel the rest of the program, leaving the city by another route. But nobody thought of telling the chauffeur the change of plan, so he started off along the original route, was stopped to turn around, and in stopping offered an easy target to young Princip who had just reached the bridge without let or hindrance.

The story of the assassination and of the events that immediately led up to and followed it is vividly told and is of absorbing interest. It constitutes a moving narrative which makes one doubly glad that the successor to the Holy Roman Empire, with its reproductions of some of the worst features of medievalism, has ceased to exist.

LOVER, SOLDIER, POET, GENIUS,

. . . HE IS D'ANNUNZIO!

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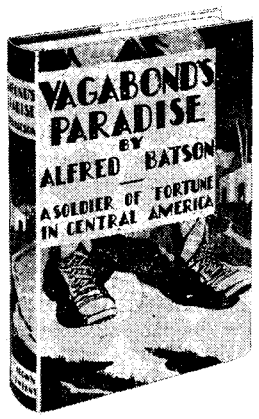

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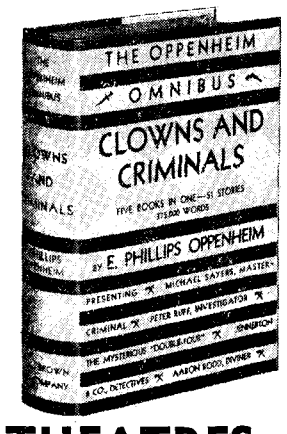

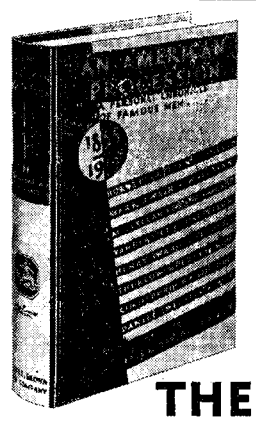

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ENTER THE ACTRESS: *The First Women in the Theatre.* By ROSAMOND GILDER. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by MONTROSE J. MOSES

MISS GILDER has seen her subject steadily, thoroughly, and with just enough of the partisan about her attitude to give a theme of extensive research a warmth of personal feeling. Some of these chapters, as they appeared in magazine form, have suggested vivid studies of actresses through several periods. But now, in book shape, with additional matter, we see the genus actress *climbing to recognition*, and breaking through clouds of patrician prejudice, of ecclesiastic regulations and restrictions. Slowly we see a womanless theatre turned into a theatre with *woman triumphant*; we see the populace taking her as a necessary part of their earthy theatre. But did women dance in the Greek choruses? The mist of time does not rise to disclose a satisfactory answer. The great Greek heroines of drama were played by men in masks. The early Greek actor was not handicapped, as was the Elizabethan youth cast for "Juliet," by having to shave, when he could hide under cover, so to speak.

It is a fascinating, progressive panorama Miss Gilder has spread before us. There is a lovable quality to Hrotsvitha, the nun of Gandersheim, who was the world's first woman playwright; there is a lively color to the women who invaded the *commedia dell' arte* and flourished; there is a vividness and dignity to Isabella Andreini, the more so as we regard the "market-place and mountebanks' bench" where one usually found the women street-singers, the tight-rope dancers, and the prostitutes of the early theatre.

More and more definite becomes the place of woman in the playhouse, more and more undoubted and effective her talents as an artist, as she blossoms here and there on the Continent. With all her increasing notoriety, and with the libertinism attached to her profession, the actress in each period is painted by Miss Gilder with solid lines of character and with true evaluation of her particular worth. The life-story of Madeleine and Armande Béjart, creators of most of Molière's feminine rôles, is effectively and simply described with an infusion of theatre conditions during the reign of Louis XIV that turns a chatty biographical account into a more valuable study of an age. In the development of her theme of woman's part in the theatre, Miss Gilder shows the individual woman becoming more definite. Breaking through Puritan prejudice, she wisely concentrates on the faithful, virtuous excellences of Mary Betterton, playing lightly on the fascinating deviltry of other Restoration actresses. Then, having broken away from the boy-actresses, and having ranged before us the dazzling beauty of women who played the hoyden in breeches rôles, Miss Gilder makes her account of Mrs. Aphra Behn—with all her immoral designations—as alluring as the canvas of her by Sir Peter Lely. Miss Gilder shows critical acumen and a fine sense of fairness in her estimations of this lady. We next reach her survey of the stormy years of Caroline Neuber, the actress-manager who raised the German stage out of the slough of inertia and mediocrity. The adventurous spirit of this woman is excellently well portrayed; the characterization, the condition, the striking variety of interest in her are skilfully suggested. Miss Gilder possesses a delightfully sure hand in the marshalling of her detail. She knows her facts, she realizes the interrelation of movements in the theatre of England, Germany, France and Italy. She is not, strictly speaking, an historian of the theatre; she sees with no narrow eye, but with broad sweeps of creativeness.

So she proceeds with her subject—walks with zest right into the perturbed atmosphere of the French Revolution, revealing the activity of Citoyenne Montansier, who had won distinction as a theatre directress under Marie Antoinette, and who foreshadowed our modern passion for the handling of stage crowds. Here was a woman executive as potent as Neuber. What a picture does her foyer present with the motley pleasure-seekers of the Revolution! Miss Gilder's canvas becomes bustling. Perhaps this is her most gripping chapter.

Then finally arrives the petite Vestris of London—another forerunner of modernism, the English pioneer manageress of realism in stage detail. Miss Gilder gives the proper inventive genius to this debonair soul. She was the bright hope in a dull age. When she died, Jones and Pinero were infants.

A varied gallery of unusual portraits is in "Enter the Actress"—not the women usually attracting the staid historian of the theatre. This alone would entitle Miss Gilder to our gratitude and to our praise. I looked through my shelves to see what other books made mention of these pioneer women. Miss Gilder takes a unique place by the side of conventional writers like H. W. Lanier, with his "The First English Actresses," like Lewis Melville, with his "Stage Favorites of the Eighteenth Century," and Harold Simpson, with his "Famous Actresses (1750-1850)." She has really done a creative job, has struck out on a rountineless path. To read her book is to sense a feminine dash to unusual women of the theatre, and to see unfold a theatre all the better in technique for the admission of women to the stage, even though the moral tone of the theatre may not have been any the better for their presence. Yet we learn in the earlier pages of Miss Gilder's book that the effect on the male creature of assuming feminine rôles was altogether vicious—a Freudian suggestion in itself.

I should like to see in a future edition of Miss Gilder's book a Bibliography as detailed as is the excellent Index.

Greek Annals

XENOPHON, SOLDIER OF FORTUNE. By L. V. JACKS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by C. A. ROBINSON, JR.
Brown University

WHEN we think of Greece we are apt to divide its history into two great periods, the age of Pericles and the age of Alexander the Great. It was under Pericles in the fifth century before Christ that Greece, led by Athens, reached its very height. This was the time of the dramatists, Socrates, the Parthenon, the significant experiments in democracy. It was in fact one of the few brilliant flashes in the history of man. By the next century, the fourth, the Greeks had lost, for one reason or another, much of their youthful buoyancy and had settled down to the hard task of living in an increasingly complicated world. There was danger, too, that their civilization, confined as it was to a comparatively small part of the world, might in time be superseded by another. This tragedy, however, was averted, for Alexander, toward the end of the century, conquered most of the civilized world, from Epirus in the west to the Punjab in the east, and gave to it one common culture, Greek.

Xenophon belongs to these two great epochs. Born in the fifth century and a product of it, he took part in an expedition which was to have far-reaching effects. In 401 B.C., together with ten thousand Greeks, he joined Cyrus in an attempt to overthrow Artaxerxes, the King of Persia. The story of this unsuccessful attempt, the story of war and military tactics, of intrigue, suffering, and strange peoples, Xenophon has left in his vivid account called the Anabasis, the *bête noire* of young students of Greek, due to the insistence of teachers upon points of grammar, rather than on the story itself. But the lesson of the expedition was not lost on the Greeks. For the first time in history Greeks had taken the offensive against their arch enemy, indeed they had even penetrated to the very heart of the Persian empire and escaped alive. It had been vividly illustrated that the Persian empire was not invulnerable, that a man of sufficient ability could conquer it; and, as we have seen, this was done some seventy years later by Alexander. This is the profound significance of Xenophon, but it is completely missed by the book under review.

The main part of Mr. Jack's book is nothing more than a paraphrase of Xenophon's writings. In as much as the author rarely helps with any comments of his own, the average reader would do much better to read Xenophon's own words in a good translation, although, in these busy days, I should prefer to have one who is making his first acquaintance with the literature of Greece begin with Homer, Sophocles, or Plato. The Anabasis is a great piece of prose, but it is primarily for the historically-minded.

Mr. Jack's book commences with a chapter headed "Life in Athens," woefully inadequate, in which an attempt is made to make us feel at home with Socrates by calling him the hard-boiled veteran." The last chapter, picturing Xenophon in retirement, is light but interesting.

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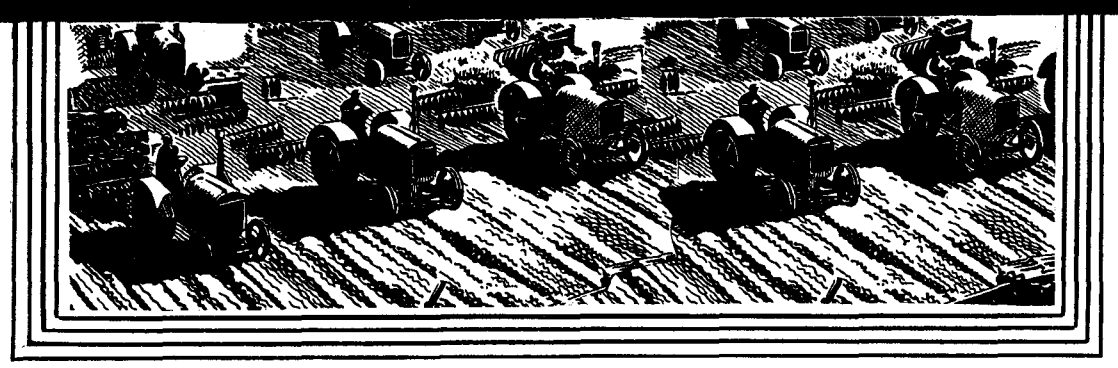

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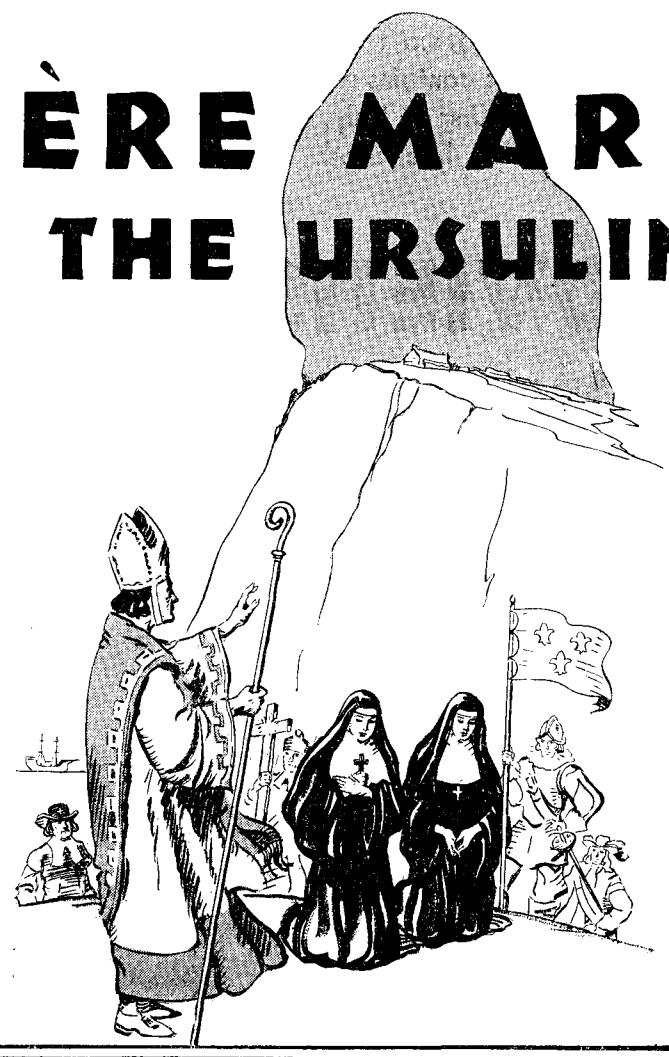

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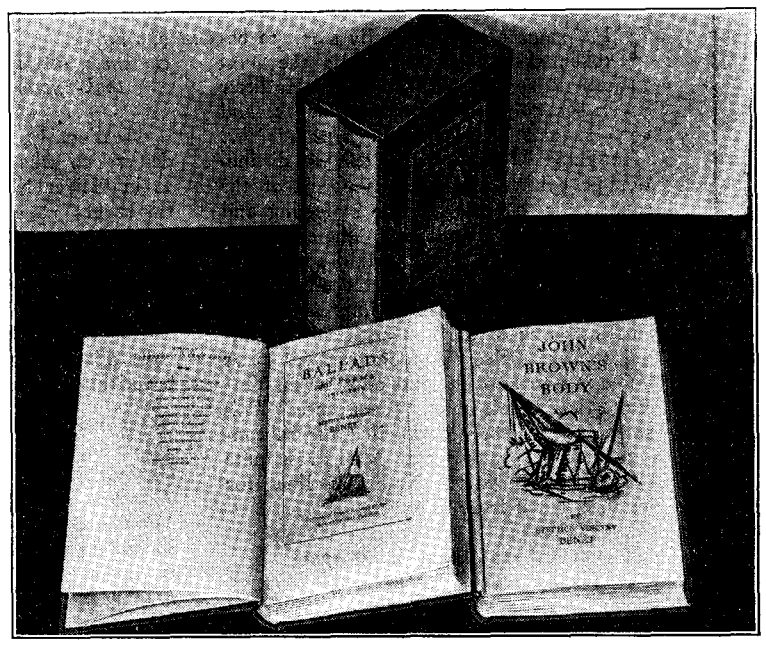

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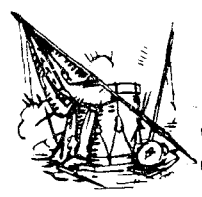

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Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE name of Frost usually seems to betoken true poetry. Besides the most famous Robert Frost, Elizabeth Hollister Frost has done some beautiful work, and now Frances M. Frost, in *Blue Harvest* (Houghton Mifflin), shows delicate distinction of epithet and presents poems of the countryside that are genuine in feeling and accomplished in expression. There are certain echoes and there are certain poems that ripple smoothly away from the mind without leaving any permanent impression. As an illustration of the first criticism, the initial section, called "Autobiography," bears traces in several of its units of Edna St. Vincent Millay's celebrated "Renascence." This poem has evidently channelled the subconscious too deeply to permit Miss Frost quite to use her own voice. Note these lines, for instance, taken from "Day":

I stretched my aching hands apart
And wind and rain cried in my heart.
My body was shaken as a tree
While time and space poured over me:
I was life for an instant whirled
On a grain of gravel called a world;
But I was life and I could see
Beauty below and over me,
And I stood and laughed at infinity!

Yet even in this poem there are lines of such exact individual observation that one would commend them highly. We have underlined a line in the following:

Swiftly the clouds were streaked with fire,
The lightning jerked a blinding wire
Of flame until the heaven split
And wind and rain roared out of it!

The appreciation of suddenly poignant moments of beauty in the open country, lyricism engendered by the sight of mountains, the sound of the wind, cloud, sun, and "the day-moon rising," are chiefly characteristic of this poet. Such poems as "First Frog," "Grass Harvest," "Song out of a Rainy Night," may serve as illustrations. We quote from the last:

What was there in poplars bent to a whirl
of wind,
In leaves slit
From the stem by the daggered rain,
To fill a man with tumult, to shake a stain
Of lost-moon-colored notes
Out of thin
Darkness, out of a man's hidden and hemlock-bitter throat?

Occasionally, Miss Frost seems to us to descend to what is merely magazine verse, as in "River Night," the little song about the barges. She can do so much better than that! Against that apparent impermanence in nature which afflicts her, the poet sets an acceptance of what she calls "the austere, sufficient fact," in her "Declaration" at the end of her fourth section, "Tide." But perhaps this feeling of impermanence is most beautifully expressed in her "Nocture":

Never a second time
This rain, this night.
Never a second time
This tree, mist-blown,
Nor this gray light
So quick upon the heart:
What things are known
Briefly, what things touch
The moment into flame
And die, being too much
For the taut heart to bear—
Never these things twice, never a second time
Beauty's rain-wet lips upon the hair.

Never precisely the same beauty! Yet Francis Thompson, in a poem to the setting sun (we think not the famous Ode) was heard to lament the repetition of a beauty never exactly the same but so nearly that "Change not at all or utterly!" was his own cry.

The general atmosphere of Miss Frost's poems is coolness, the coolness of blowing wind and running water. From love she achieves

a swift defense
By cleaving to impermanence,

and says, in "Wisdom,"

Oh, wiser that the blossom should be broken
In the wet wind and scattered on the sand,
Better the moment lost, the word unspoken,
Than the sweet root gone bitter and the
young
Fruit turned hemlock on the puckered
tongue.

Finally, mention should be made of one of her longest poems (and none are really long) describing the country she loves, in "Language." Again we have New England. Indeed, New England has set its seal on many of America's best poets, Frost, Robinson, Edna Millay, the late Amy Lowell, the late Elinor Wylie by adoption, all are of it,—all in one way or another reveal New England ancestry. The persistence of the influence of the New England scene and the New England desire for precision of statement is a notable feature of American poetry still.

Peggy Bacon is a satiric artist of the time whose work in black and white remains unique. She is also a satiric versifier of great originality and delightful acidity. In her *Animosities* (Harcourt, Brace), illustrated by her own inimitable drawings, are some poems reprinted from a former volume of hers which we possess, entitled *Funerealities.* Others have appeared in *The New Yorker* and in *Vanity Fair.* Her titles are all monosyllabic, her lines mostly clipped and brief. Her irregular rhyme patterns wrap neatly a number of pungent observations. The simple tale of the tailor who sat in a cellar while "a blackmailer sat in a cell," both suffering a like incarceration, ends, succinctly, thus:

The blackmailer
slew the jailer,
—some distress
and a scrap of crape,—
there is no jailer
to watch the tailor,
but nevertheless
he can't escape.

Her "Hen-Party," with its perfectly drawn illustration, is delightfully savage. It includes this stave:

A-sudden enter
in aged ermine,
the Queen-viper,
the Ace of vermin;
(the Pied Piper
overlooked her,
Cotton Mather
should have cooked her;)
a clacking racket,
a great stir,
in the center
the dowager.

This metre that Elinor Wylie first handled so brilliantly in her "Peregrine," is fashioned here into a sharp skewer to impale each "hell-beldam." But Peggy Bacon has measures of her own also. And her pleasing severity ranges among humankind with much variety. After describing a cleric ruthlessly, she only appears to relent at the end, adding:

Perhaps I underrate him,
(who knows?)
but O, his collar is too high,
I hate him!

Her portrait of the slug-abed young woman who has three old women to take care of her as "she lies abed with a hangover" is "devastating":

What does she care
for the cleaning and the dusting?
She'd better beware,
her wits are rusting;
besides
the three old women once were brides,—
it's just disgusting!

Mrs. Toncks in the Bronx, Mr. and Mrs. Green in a tiff, Miss Macpherson wooing the bachelor, Sadie of the Bowery, the cobbler and the coffin-maker, Mr. and Mrs. Polyphemus who did "not know their neighbors," Mr. Montgomery, who through his nagging persistence finally got the girl of his choice to marry him, the ditch-digger and the auto-intoxicated painter. all are real people. But the quotation with which we shall close is the poem entitled "Concert," one of our prime favorites. Note particularly the artful consummation of all rhymes:

The really appreciative people
who adore music
strike such wonderful poses;
they stick their noses
in the air,
each like an aspiring steeple,
and wilt like rapturous roses;
the breath fails,
the eye closes
the program trails.

Meanwhile the sight
of their exalted, rare,
almost unduly drooling delight,
makes the herds
of really unappreciative people
simply too sick
for words.

"A. Riposte, with the devil's own cunning, weighs the virtues against the defects of a 'novelist who writes novels about other novelists'."—**Laurence Stallings, *Sun***

GIN *and* BITTERS

by A. Riposte [or take your choice]

Harry Hansen, *World Telegram* — VS — **Gladys Graham, *Saturday Review***

"When W. Somerset Maugham wrote 'Cakes & Ale' and put our English novelists on the spit, he could hardly have expected anyone to turn the tables on him and flay him alive."

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Isabel Patterson, *Herald Tribune* — VS — **Fanny Butcher, *Chicago Tribune***

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William Soskin, *N. Y. Evening Post* — VS — **Laurence Stallings, *New York Sun***

"A literary method which was bitterly attacked by Thomas Hardy as highly unethical."

"Defends the Hardy tradition in novel writing with consummate skill."

Florence H. Britten, *Herald Tribune* — VS — **Harry Hansen, *World Telegram***

"Someone—shall we say, tentatively, Miss Rose Macaulay?—has set out to impale on her pointed pen one Somerset Maugham."

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SECOND LARGE PRINTING, $2.50
Farrar & Rinehart, *Publishers*, 12 E. 41 St., N. Y.

Still a Riddle

HEINE. By H. G. ATKINS. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1930. $2.50.

HERE, again, is the riddle of Heine's personality, as paradoxical and self-contradictory as his poetry. And, though the present biographer is shrewd and careful to an unusual degree, Professor Atkins leaves the puzzle exactly where he found it. His biography presents no new facts, offers no new interpretations, affords us no clue to the combination of savagery and compassionate sweetness, of cynicism and sentimentality, of lyric ascents and grovelling depths, of spiritual strength and personal pettiness, of—not to continue the opposites *ad infinitum*—the living struggle that was Heine. After 261 pages, Professor Atkins sadly, and somewhat lamely, concludes,

> We have followed him from the cradle to the grave; traced the circumstances that helped to mould him, and the factors that counted for most in his life. Now we are at the end, and must leave the essential unexplained. We have cast up the total, but one item is missing. Whence did it come, that wonderful and inexplicable gift of song?

Since the "missing item" is, if not the essential, at least a significant clue to the Heine mystery, the reader feels somehow let down. It is as if, after a meticulous survey of the scene, Philo Holmes had walked off the case. Part of this is due to Professor Atkins's method of analysis. He attempted to steer a middle course between Heine's adulators and his detractors. Thus he fails to persuade his readers beyond the purely chronological and scholastic; lacking the over-excited diagnosis of Lewis Browne's "That Man Heine" and the microscopic searching of Ernst Elster's "Heines Werke," it also lacks their vitality. The same applies to the translations. They are competent, readable, far better than those accomplished by the average English adapter, but they never faintly suggest the music, the play of sound and sense—in short, the poetry of the original—for Professor Atkins is, alas, no poet. He is content to follow the meaning of the stanzas, and, even in the verses, sticks to the facts.

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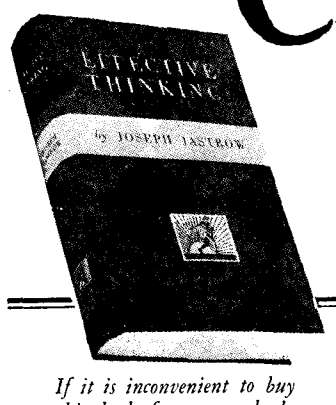

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A Voice from the Wilderness

By JOHN HODGDON BRADLEY, JR.

FAR West of where the west begins, yet east by a long day from the Pacific Coast, where the plains at last give way to the mountains of western Montana, a strange thing has been happening. From a land long rich in mineral, forest, and scenic wealth, a new wealth is being drawn. Copper and trees and mountains, worthy as they are, must admit to their ranks one worthier still. For a genuine indigenous culture is becoming articulate there, a culture already grown so sturdy that the world at large must soon descry men among the gophers in Montana.

Unlike California, Montana does not boast of a literary tradition. Its distant boundaries were disturbed by few reverberations from the culture of the Spanish in the Southwest. Nor did the later days of exploration and exploitation produce a Bret Harte or an Ambrose Bierce. But there as elsewhere pioneering proceeded with the usual diaries and journals. The writings of Lewis and Clark, and similar less famous journals belong to the entire Northwest. Others, with a less extended locale, belong to Montana. The fact that many of these have not been published until quite recently does not detract from their interest or value.

For example, there is the Dinwiddie journal with its picturesque account of an overland journey in 1853 from Indiana to Oregon; the journal of Peter Koch, an educated Dane, who in 1869 sought fortune but found hardship along the banks of the Missouri; an Indian girl's story of a trading expedition, with its revelations regarding the character of fur traders and the psychology of Indians; contemporary letters about the encounter in the Big Hole during the famous retreat wherein Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce outwitted some of the best generals of the United States Army. These and many other interesting historical accounts have been discovered and published within the last four years by the History and English departments of the University of Montana. Such documents are thinning as death claims their authors. In them the old West is faithfully depicted, and it is to be hoped that many more will be salvaged for the historians and writers of the future.

The records of early settlers of the Northwest do not constitute a literature, however rich they may be in the experience and lore out of which literature is made. Because life there has always been difficult, literature has been slow in developing. Now that it has finally come, its undoubted vigor and honesty are due perhaps to the same cause.

It is a long distance from Hollywood to Missoula, culturally as well as geographically, but we must make the journey if we are to know the Northwest as it truly was and truly is. November of 1927 saw the metamorphosis of *The Frontier* from a student magazine of the University of Montana to a regional magazine of the Northwest. Within the deceptive pallor of grey covers, the voice of the editor was courageous. It sounded the reveille of a new era. "The Northwest is industrially alive and agriculturally alive; it needs to show itself spiritually alive . . . the roots for literature among us should be in our own rocky ground . . . Out of our soil we grow, and out of our soil should come expression of ourselves." Brave hopes have been heard before but the dust is strewn with corpses of the little magazine that uttered them. Thanks partly to the good judgment, taste, and industry of its editors, partly to the latent strength of the men and women in the Northwestern hinterland, *The Frontier* has entered its fourth vigorous year. Opening with each issue new lodes of human experience, it is mining its own claim and helping to produce a literature of the Northwest that is unique because it is genuine.

In fact, genuineness more than any other quality characterizes the work of the modern Northwest writers. Many of these are authors of imagination and skill. A few have already been published in the larger, better known magazines and newspapers. All are sincere in their desire to portray the Northwest honestly. Because they are not interested in rehashing the myths which the general reading public generally demands, they must often publish in local magazines and newspapers. But with or without the bait so sweet to the nose of almost any writer—large circulation and many cents a word—they hold to their task. Disregarding established patterns for western literature, they refuse to write sentimental jingles, pious conventionalities, or precious affectations. They place life above formula, and any just critic who takes the trouble to exhume their work will have to admit that, whatsoever the faults, both verse and prose are unmistakably vigorous and honest. These writers are proving that Bret Harte and Jack London did not utter the last words on the old West; that Mr. Evarts, Mrs. Rinehart, and like-minded brethren have not completely done for the new.

Poets are developing, not only in Montana, but throughout the Northwest. Certain individuals are emerging. At the head must be placed Lew Sarett who lives in Wisconsin but dreams of the far west. Some of his best poems are collected in "Many, Many Moons," "The Box of Gold," and "Slow Smoke." Ethel Romig Fuller of Portland has won recognition, as have her fellow townsmen, Howard McKinley Corning and Walter Evans Kidd. In Oregon too are H. L. Davis, Queen B. Lister, Albert Richard Wetjen, and Verne Bright. Ted Olsen of Wyoming writes beautifully in "A Stranger and Afraid." James Marshall of the *Seattle Star* heads the list from Washington. In Idaho are Donald Burnie and Edith Graham. Lillian White Spencer, who writes poetry and pageants from a deep understanding of Indians, lives in Colorado. In Montana, Gwendolen Haste, Mary Brennan Clapp, Jason Bolles, Steve Hogan, and John Frohlicher are perhaps best known. An anthology of Northwest verse, edited by H. G. Merriam and to be published this spring by the Caxton Press of Caldwell, Idaho, contains 300 poems by more than a hundred poets from Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and Montana. These writers are striving to mirror the true life of the Northwest, and they are succeeding.

The prose writers, though not so numerous as the poets, are perhaps on the whole more significant. The short stories are being written largely by young writers just learning the difficult technique of short fiction. Tragedy, perennially attractive to the young, marks these tales. Forty years in a mountain-walled valley is a horrible sentence for a human being and the horrible consequences are told with power by Alice Pessano Hancock in "Years." Grace Stone Coates's story, "Late Fruit," gets its effect through a fine feeling for a thwarted woman's sorrow. James Stevens in "The Romantic Sailor" tells a tale of a sailor in San Francisco during the days when the Pacific Coast was still part of the West. Many other excellent examples could be cited. Roland English Hartley, Harry Hartwick, Mary Hesse Hartwick, Harry G. Huse, and John Upton Terrell have produced some of the best recent western fiction. Under the guidance of an admirable teacher, Brassil Fitzgerald, the work of these writers, published largely in *The Frontier*, is the chief reason why that magazine took fifth place last year on O'Brien's roster of honor.

Not all the prose is fiction. Nobody knows more about the Northwest than Frank Bird Linderman of Somers, Montana, author of "American" and other books on the Indian. His anecdotes of western men and beasts are authentic contributions to American literature. James Stevens and H. L. Davis, in their voluminous writings, have caught the true romance of western history. Articles on the Chinook jargon and on the first wagon train to Oregon, prose sketches of western life, accounts of forest fires and yarns from the Butte mines, even new (and genuine) Lincoln material are pouring into print. The Northwest has something to say and is rapidly learning how to say it.

Any movement of this kind is no doubt fundamentally due to the spontaneous spiritual ripening of a whole people. Its direction in this case is clearly by the University of Montana. It is surprising that a small group of men, working without pay under the ægis of a none too affluent university, should be able to conjure from the thin air of the northwestern wilderness the germs of an authentic regional literature. Montana is surely a long distance from the United States, yet it is not entirely to the credit of the magazines that flock in the great cities, with good coin in their pockets, that they should have almost unanimously and completely overlooked this source of supply.

Oddly enough, the man who has dreamed for years of a genuine indigenous culture in the Northwest, who finds himself the leader of the literary movement now well begun there, is Harold G. Merriam, an Oxford man.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Biography

PAUL GAUGUIN: THE CALM MADMAN. By BERIL BECKER. Boni. 1930. $3.50.

Gauguin rebelled against and fled from civilization in order to do something he could not do as long as he was in it. The successive events of his rebellion and flight, with their terrible consequences for him as an individual, make a tale of very obvious picturesqueness; and that is practically all that appears in Mr. Becker's fictionized biography. The author seems to be using the incidents of Gauguin's life as a vicarious satisfaction for his own desire to blast away at things as they are. But many people besides artists have reason to feel that way without the artists' additional impulse to make something after the blasting is done, and it is a mistake in judgment to depict the artist as merely anti-social, no matter how bad his particular circumstances may be. Gauguin's own temperament was such that he used up the greater part of his energy in blasting; yet the true significance of his story lies not in such externals, even though they greatly preponderate, but in an analysis and interpretation of the art which he created. For readers of English this has not yet been effectively done.

LUCIUS B. SWIFT. By *William Dudley Foulke.* Bobbs-Merrill.

THE LOG OF A COWBOY. By *Andy Adams* (Riverside Edition). Houghton Mifflin. $1.

FROM MAUMEE TO THAMES AND TIBER. By *Ernest G. Sihler.* New York University Press.

Fiction

TOWARDS THE WEST. By M. CONSTANTIN-WEYER. Macaulay. 1931. $2.

A year ago, in his novel "The Half-Breed," this author told the romantic story of Louis Riel, a minor figure of later nineteenth century Canadian history, the half-breed leader of his people in revolt against the oppressive rule of the Dominion government. Now appears the tale of that Louis's father, chief of a primitive Red River settlement of hybrids, banded together for the protection of their farms and forests from the attacks of marauding Sioux and to survive common extinction in the ceaseless tide of white immigration from the East. A crudely sentimental, fictitious theme accompanies the narration of the elder Riel's heroic endeavors for the preservation of his fellow half-breeds, and constant obtrusion of this purely immaginative, irrelevant factor impairs whatever interest the life of Riel may retain for students of that era in the history of Canada.

THE INDISCREET YEARS. By LARRY BARRETTO. Farrar & Rinehart. 1931. $2.

Mr. Barretto's title has at least the merit of understatement. In emulation of his well-bred reserve one may say that his heroine perhaps erred on the side of good nature, and that for her sympathy was akin to love. That is, while the indiscreet years lasted; for after the completion of what may be called her lavender decade, 1918-1928, she suddenly became most amazingly hard-boiled and alert to the main chance, and if she sympathized at all with the preposterous Mr. Hewlett she certainly didn't show it by marrying him.

The story of Helen Fane is divided into six parts. In Part I at Rouen, in 1918, she meets an Irish officer to whom she gives herself for no better reason than because he seems to want her and because there is a war on. The adventure was unfortunate because it left her expecting a child and no consideration from the Irishman; but at the crucial moment a well-to-do young English Jew of idealistic tendencies takes her under his protection, and the indiscreet years might have been happily concluded in Part II, except that the young man went cracked on spiritualism; so Helen left him for his own good, and by the year 1923 had drifted to Paris. There she meets an American boulevardier whom she allows to provide sumptuously for her. It was certainly not love; one suspects that the *spretæ injuria formæ* may have had something to do with it; at any rate, she finally asks her provider why it is that he gives so lavishly yet takes nothing in return, avowing that she is ready to pay her share. It turns out that the whole thing is an elaborate plot by the gentleman to conceal the secret of his impotence by making it appear that Helen is his mistress. So ends Part II, with Helen hurt and ashamed.

In Part IV Helen is hiding her chagrin a rather mad American boy who thinks he is a painter, and again sympathy and proximity prove too much for the generous Helen; but she surrenders the lad quite happily when his American sweetheart comes all the way from Pittsburgh to fetch him back to be married. It is 1928 by the time Helen reaches Florence and Part V. She is getting on for forty now and growing more particular about her toilette, but her natural gifts are still working and at last she really falls in love with a young Italian marchese of nineteen whose intentions, much to her surprise and rather to her consternation, she discovers to be both honorable and matrimonial. But his family steps in, Helen renounces him for his own good, and the unfortunate youth shoots himself. So Helen goes back to America and makes full confession of her adventures to her girl friend, and the latter, realizing that Helen has none too much time left and had better make hay while the sun shines, introduces the Mr. Hewlett already referred to in the first paragraph of this review.

RESTLESS SANDS. By MARCEL PRÉVOST. Sears. 1931. $2.50.

The list of Marcel Prévost's works is long and the number of his readers in France is great. Full honors have long since been paid him both officially and in popular recognition. Yet it cannot be said that his books have ever achieved serious consideration by the small group of really important critics and authorities to whose and economizing her resources in a small resort on the Basque coast. Here she meets opinion Paris bows. Consequently, in spite of his undoubted gifts as an analyst of character, he cannot be ranked with the true masters of contemporary French prose. The principal reason for this failure to obtain the highest recognition is found in his tendency to exploit cheaply sensational situations at the cost of dramatic verity. Like nearly all French writers of his generation he possesses great technical competence in the telling of a story, however, and his latest production, "Restless Sands," demonstrates that he has lost none of his skill. Both the merits and faults of his method are strikingly displayed int his new book, which boasted a more startling title in French—"L'Homme Vierge."

The tale involves a landed proprietor and his young son in an erotic entanglement of the sort inevitable in any Marcel Prévost book. The father has taken as mistress his young ward, the childhood playmate of the son. A lengthy section of the book is devoted to an explanation of how this curious family situation came about, after which we are vouchsafed another section devoted to the girl's reactions. Finally an unnecessarily complicated and repetitious narrative is completed by the history of the son's discovery of the affair which has shocked him into leading a life of chastity, so great is his scorn of the sex represented by his former playmate. There is a wealth of embroidery on the emotions of the three principal characters, of a sort not very shocking nowadays, but no doubt still immensely popular in the more advanced French provincial circles. None of the characters and few of the incidents come to life in spite of the smooth surface of the whole book. Prévost does not seem sincere enough as a writer, nor frank enough as a pornographer, to stir up any important reaction on this side of the ocean at this late date.

CITY OF THE WHITE NIGHT. By NIKOLAI GUBSKY. Norton. 1931. $2.50

Mr. Gubsky's story is laid in pre-war St. Petersburg, in so far as it has any concrete locale. Its principal character, Kashin, that is to say, is employed in a Ministry of Agriculture which still has a Czar in the offing, and all the other characters are untouched by any of the winds or rumblings of revolution. But, for stray labels, here and there, they might as well be living in Berlin or Milan, and but for occasional implications, they might just as well be something other than Russians. In a brief foreword, the author speaks of the artificial founding and growth of Peter's "window on Europe," and intimates that its inhabitants, its sophisticated minority, that is to say, were men "with an abnormal restlessness, an abnormal tension of mind."

It is the psychological meanderings and sufferings of these tense and restless people of which the novel is made up. Kashin has an affair of passion with the simple, peasant-minded Katya. It is hard on Katya, and a little hard for Kashin, too, but not supremely so, for there is also Lydia, for whom he has a much more complex and "higher" feeling. He and Lydia spar emotionally with each other and never get anywhere and make themselves, especially Kashin, intensely miserable.

In the sense that its characters never seem to know what they want and indulge in a perpetual sort of spiritual shadow-boxing without ever seeming to get their teeth into life, the novel continues, in a way, the Russian pre-war literary tradition. Passages, here and there, notably the beginning of the affair with Katya, are done with feeling and admirable truth and delicacy. In general, however, the author achieves the aimlessness of the old tradition without its poignancy, without its magic of making its people, in spite of their aimlessness, seem supremely real.

(*Continued on page 762*)

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The Gossip Shop

By Rachel Field

ALTHOUGH a winter coat still feels very comfortable to the back, Spring arrived officially for us two weeks ago. We always date this event not by an early robin or swelling lilac buds, but by the appearance of the first flower cart man on Third Avenue and East Tenth Street. We doubt if even Mr. Wordsworth's daffodils could have been more exciting to see than the tulips, hyacinths, and scarlet geraniums in these open wagons. But we could not indulge ourselves in any, being about to set off for a short trip to New England.

First there was New Bedford, which we hadn't seen for seven long years. We were overjoyed to find that Johnny-Cake Hill and the Whaling Museum and neighboring antique shops were all there as we remembered them. But the Whaler Bookshop was new to us, it having been established some three or four years ago by Miss Helen Ellis and Miss Imogene Weeks. Their interest in New England coast traditions and their discriminating taste have made it a real center for both summer and winter residents in that part of the world, and we enjoyed our stay with them and Patsy, the bookshop wire-haired fox terrier.

After that came Boston and the Bookshop for Boys and Girls to which these feet would, we believe, march of themselves should we be set down blindfold in that town. Although it was too early for green grass and swan boats to be out in the Public Gardens, and although the rain came down as it only can in seaport cities, this gave us all the more time for talks with Bertha Mahony and the Whitney sisters, who are all three not only responsible for the charm of the shop itself, but for the lately issued volume with the Bookshop imprint, "Contemporary Illustrators of Children's Books." This appeared soon after Christmas in a large and fine format and has been hailed by libraries and those seriously interested in the juvenile book field ever since. It is the first time that an entire book has been devoted to those who have been, and are, responsible for the decoration of children's books. There are chapters on such famous artists as Thomas Bewick and his woodcuts, by Wilbur Macey Stone, the authority on early juveniles; Cruikshank, Caldicott, Crane, and Greenaway, by Miss Jacqueline Overton of the Bacon Memorial Library on Long Island; and Wyeth, Pyle, and the Brandywine School by Dudley Lunt. Like its forerunner, "Realms of Gold," it is a pioneer volume and some of the most interesting bits are the brief accounts of themselves and their work sent in by contemporary illustrators.

The May number of *St. Nicholas* magazine will be the first to appear under the editorship of May Lamberton Becker, and after a talk with her some weeks ago we have come to the conclusion that the magazine ought to be twice its size to take in all the ideas she has for bringing it back to its old prestige as the one piece of reading matter no child could afford to be without. Among other innovations Mrs. Becker plans to revive stories, verses, and articles appealing to the younger child. This seems to us an excellent plan since the average boy or girl of twelve is beginning to turn to adult magazines and fiction, and while the child of five to ten has a galaxy of good books, there has been no first-rate periodical of late years.

And speaking of the younger group of readers, three brand new Spring picture books are already lying on our desk. Of these, "Blackface," text by Thelma Harrington Bell and pictures by Corydon Bell, published by Doubleday, Doran at one-fifty, takes first place. It will be hard indeed to find a more pictorially satisfying book. The story is charming in its gay simplicity, with its French scenes of the day before yesterday period. Corydon Bell has quite surpassed himself in his colorful and dramatic picturings of the adventures of the curious blackfaced lamb. Nothing would induce us to part with our own copy.

"Andy and Polly," with text and pictures by Rhea Wells, from the same firm, was rather disappointing to us. The color seemed far more crude and undistinguished than in Mr. Wells's earlier books. "The Picture Book of Robinson Crusoe" comes from the Macmillan Company. The pictures are by E. A. Verpilleux, and the simplified rendering of the famous story is by Elizabeth Moore. To our way of thinking it is wiser to wait till young readers are of an age to read the tale in its original form; still, for what was intended, the book is excellent in recapturing the spirit both in the colored illustrations and in Mrs. Moore's clear, well-written version. The price is two-fifty.

Some months back we received from the Woman's Press a group of children's verse by Katharine Ellis Barrett. The character of a little boy figures in most of them, and there is a simple naturalness that is appealing throughout. "Red Shoes" is the title, and the pictures are by the tallest of the three Fuller sisters who so enchanted American audiences ten or twelve years ago by their singing of old ballads.

"The Green Door," by Eliza Orne White, arrived just too late for us to mention in our earlier notes. We have been a firm admirer of Miss White ever since we received a copy of "When Molly Was Six" on our own sixth birthday. These directly told, charming stories of children, past and present, are as refreshing to find as a little bunch of arbutus in some gorgeously cluttered florist's window. We were overjoyed to find Lisl Hummel had once more made the silhouette pictures, for no fingers are quite so deft with black paper and scissors to our way of thinking.

May Massee, of Junior Books, sailed for Europe a fortnight or so ago. She will celebrate her first May birthday in far parts, along with the Petershams, Maud and Mishka, who are responsible for some of her most riotously colored and successful picture books. Of course we are envious. Who wouldn't be?

And now we come to Flush of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," who has nothing whatsoever to do with children's boooks, but who deserves more than a whole paragraph to himself. In case there are those unfortunate enough not to have seen him going through his part as Elizabeth Barrett Browning's pet spaniel in the play now at the Empire Theatre, we would say that his performance leaves nothing to be desired, and he has practically owned the Empire since his debut last February. Criticism there has been, and we heard it loudly spoken behind our seat the other night, that he is too docile and easily handled. It has even been hinted—with indignant denials by his mistress, Miss Katharine Cornell—that he has been drugged nightly. But anyone who heard him whine gently during the reading of the passage from "Sordello" would know that there was plenty of life under his shining coat. As an answer to such critics we quote from an old child's book upon animals. It is called "Harrison's Natural History of the most remarkable beasts" and is adorned with quaint cuts in the manner of Mr. Thomas Bewick.

"The Spaniel," it explains,

> is somewhat similar in make to the setter, but much smaller. . . . They are of various colors, but mostly spotted, with long curled hair on the ears, and are deemed the most handsome, the most affectionate, and submissive of the canine race.

But we must cease lest our own Scottie grow jealous.

Conducted by Marion Ponsonby

Reviews

THE STORY OF SIEGFRIED. Arranged by Angela Diller. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. 1931.

Reviewed by Ernest Schelling

ADMIRABLE in its directness, simplicity, and charm is Miss Diller's "Story of Siegfried." Only a past master of child psychology could have devised this most subtle, complete, and painless initiation into the intricacies of the story of Wagner's Siegfried.

The themes, their significance, and relation to the story are so clearly set forth in such admirably concise graphic form that no child can fail to grasp them.

And I am sure many an adult will surreptitiously have a copy of this book on hand in order not to be shamefaced by his children.

Let us hope that Miss Diller will continue and give us this first aid for all the descendants of Wagner's genealogical operatic tree. This for the enlightenment of all those who are baffled and a little frightened by the dark mysteries of the operatic form in general, and Wagner in particular.

TINKA, MINKA, AND LINKA. Text by May McNeer. Illustrations by Charlotte Lederer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1931. $1.75.

Reviewed by Lois Lenski

TINKA, Minka, and Linka were the daughters of Auntie and Uncle Woodcarver, and they lived in a little house in the country, in Hungary. One day, Katoka, a little girl from the city of Budapest, just their own age, came to pay them a visit. With eight stiff petticoats, a tight velvet bodice, a little silk apron, and her hair in a long braid straight out from the top of her head, she soon felt very much at home with her new friends.

Then began days of delight for the four little girls, with dancing and singing and processions and candles alight. The Easter festivities were at hand with church bells ringing and flowers to carry and songs to sing. On Easter Monday morning there was a wonderful surprise for Katoka from her three little friends—a large basket of eggs in gaily painted designs and colors, beside her bed. The day after, they all rode to the Fair in a rumbling cart and bought toys and sweets and gingerbread hearts.

This is a gay picture book, as gay as the gayest of Easter eggs, a perfect Easter gift (or birthday, or Christmas) which the child will love. Every turn of the page brings a picture, each a sparkling design in blue and green and pink and yellow. The absence of black throughout (the text is printed in blue) seems to make the pages unusually festive. Truly Hungarian in spirit, both in the text and the illustrations, the book is charming. Mrs. Lederer's drawings are beautifully composed in a simple, refreshing, unhackneyed manner. There is not a trite or stereotyped line on any page. Instead, a beautiful naiveté and childlike feeling pervade the drawing. Hungarian ornament is always pleasing, but never more so than when interpreted without the aid of too much facility and sophistication.

As a piece of bookmaking, "Tinka, Minka, and Linka" is all that could be desired. Its gay Easter egg jacket, yellow binding with blue letters, and brilliant endpaper, form an attractive setting for the brilliant pages within.

These simple scenes of Hungarian child life are presented with genuine beauty. It is the kind of book which some of us who are not children will take delight in adding to our shelves. Fortunate the child who loves and cherishes it for his own.

A BOY SCOUT WITH BYRD. By Paul Siple. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1931. $1.75.

Reviewed by Morris Longstreth

WHEN Commander Byrd, adding imagination to his belief in the value of Boy Scout training, announced that he would take a Scout with him to Antarctica, he set nearly a million hearts to thumping. Here was a collosal opportunity; who would secure it? Here was the equivalent of setting forth with Columbus, in the year of supposedly prosaic grace 1928, cost-free, in company with a boatload of scientist-adventurers—*if you were the boy in a million.*

The requirements for such a perilous and exacting enterprise were rigorous. After the first flush of the announcement, just to read the eleven qualifications must have given the expectant Scouts a chill. The weeding out went on until seventeen candidates with impressive records remained. The seventeen were boiled down to six. The six, invited to New York, underwent a week of vivisection by interview and public dining and mutual inspection. By every test Paul Siple, of Erie, Pennsylvania, won. He went. He measured up to the honor of it, not to mention the hardships, and he returned to become the author of an extremely interesting book.

In this book we get a fresh point of view. Siple, having had no experience with either Pole, records things which escape older men, and if his perspective is smaller, it is more human.

We sympathize with pups and penguins. We hear a little—and would like to hear so much more—of the intimate life in Little America. We enjoy the entire sequence of sensations from farewell to New York to welcome home. The chapter on erecting Little America, and dog-driving, on the winter night and the feelings of those left behind on the day of Byrd's great flight, are vivid and without one word inserted for mere effect. We, as a reviewer, have sadly lost our taste for blubber and distressing distances, but this book is different; it is Siple talking of everyday matters in Ultima Thule.

Every Scout troop should have this book to see what one of them has done; and every school should chain a copy to the desk in the English department to show—as in the admirable chapters on "Seals" and "Penguins's — what an observant, thoughtful, self-effacing boy can do, probably without much forethought, in the way of natural, picture-making prose.

PLAYING THEATRE. Six Plays for Children. By Clare Tree Major. Introduction by Margaret Anglin. Illustrations by Grace Allen. New York: Oxford University Press. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by Jane Dransfield

IN the Square Marigny on the Champs-Elysées under a cluster of chestnut trees whose foliage is so thick as to be impervious to rain, is the Théâtre du Vrai Guignolet, which for over a century has been run by the Guentleurs. And now as I read Mrs. Major's "Playing Theatre" my mind runs back to a rainy Paris afternoon when, caught in a sudden downpour, I dashed for refuge under the dense Marigny trees, and there discovered for myself this, "le plus ancien Guignol—organization du Fêtes Enfantines." For Mrs. Major understands as have the immortal Guentleurs that the royal road in the theatre to the child's heart is through gaiety of spirit and magic of illusion.

Eight years ago Mrs. Major began producing plays for children in New York, and such marked success has attended her work that she now stands as a widely recognized leader in this field. For the past four years her "Children's Theatre" has gone traveling, as once did the famous Portmanteau Theatre of Stuart Walker, with scenery consisting of folded, painted screens, and an adult professional company. These six plays which she has written for her repertory are not, therefore, so much intended for children to act, as to be acted by professionals, or well trained amateurs for the entertainment of children. Entertainment is not, however, their sole aim. As Mrs. Major says:

> The most important factor in the value of plays for children lies, in my mind, not in the amusement they afford—though to the children themselves this must be paramount—but in the educational uses made of the complete receptivity which children bring to this form of recreation. . . . It is this point of view which is responsible for my choice of plays of six different nations each year in my traveling theatre, and which demands that these plays shall, as faithfully as possible, reflect the customs and ideas prevalent in such countries.

In this volume, then, "Cinderella," representing France, reminds us that Madame D'Aulnoy wrote her version of this far eastern tale some two hundred years ago. From Arabia comes "Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp"; a Spanish atmosphere is given to "The Prince's Secret," a mystery play; *Egypt is represented* by "A Maid of the Nile," Japan by "Michio," and England by a version of the Robin Hood legend. While in general it may be said of these plays that they evince excellent theatric invention rather than dramatic, or poetic, reality, children will love them for their romance, their gay costumes, and for their fun. They have refinement of feeling, and, as Mrs. Major intends, they focus, though not too obviously, on some virtue, as courage, kindness, or generosity. Careful attention has been given the scenic and costume effects that they may be beautiful and accurate. An addenda carries explicit directions for setting the stage, for lighting, and for making the costumes. To schools and little theatres who wish to add to their knowledge of how to produce plays for children with finesse and charm "Playing Theatre" should prove of inestimable value—indeed, an inspiration.

GAO OF THE IVORY COAST. By Katie Seabrook. New York: Coward-McCann. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by Beverley Benson

MRS. SEABROOK'S little book is a well-told tale for children and gives a good picture of the life and folklore of the Ivory Coast. I am afraid that the vocabulary and style are somewhat beyond the age for which the narrative is obviously written. Many children, however, will enjoy having it read aloud.

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Books of the Spring

By Amy Loveman

IT'S all very well for the poet to sing of "the sweet serenity of books," but what of the serenity of the poor scribe who, confronted by the Spring outpouring of them, must report upon the new volumes? Lost, lost in despair that "there are men that will make you books, and turn them loose into the world." And still so in a season when they are less numerous than in other recent Springtimes as they are less numerous in this April of 1931 than they have been for some years past. The book trade, as a matter of fact, like the rest of the industrial world is still in the trough of depression, and reflects the general slackness in a caution and precaution that have their visible manifestation in a decreased number of publications. This might be to the great benefit of the reading world were it not for the fact that there is evident a tendency to publish what holds the seeds of best sellerdom rather than what is of more sterling merit, and to pass up more solid studies for what promises interest to a curious rather than a discriminating public. Certain it is that the current season on the whole shows little of high distinction, but rather a good run-of-the-mill product, a staple designed to find a market even in a year when purse strings are tightly drawn.

One of the striking features of the present publishing season is the concentration of interest upon Russia and things Russian, an interest that extends alike to the physical achievements of the Soviet régime, its plans for the future, and the literature which reflects them. The American reader who would gain insight into the Five Year Plan which so constantly intrudes on journalistic writing could do no better than to secure, when it comes out at the beginning of May, a little book by M. Ilin, which Houghton Mifflin is to publish, entitled "New Russia's Primer." This small volume, to be sent out by the Book-of-the-Month Club in conjunction with Denis Mackail's pleasant novel of quiet English life, "The Square Circle" (Houghton Mifflin), is designed not for foreign consumption but for the schoolboys and schoolgirls of Russia. It is frankly propagandist in intention, lavishly illustrated, and the most clever presentation of a vast national program in text-book form that it has been our fortune to see. Reading it, one understands something of the manner in which Russia has instilled into the youth of a nation technically at peace a wartime psychology that questions nothing which the state demands for its own advancement.

With it, and further to supplement his knowledge of the Soviet state and its makers and leaders, the searcher for information can turn to Calvin B. Hoover's "The Economic Life of Soviet Russia" (Macmillan), "These Russians" (Scribners), by William C. White, "Making Bolsheviks" (University of Chicago Press), by Samuel W. Harper, Maurice Hindus's "Red Bread" (Cape-Smith), which has not yet been issued but through advance sheets of which we have rambled with constant interest in its accounts of agricultural Russia; H. R. Knickerbocker's "The Red Trade Menace" (Dodd, Mead), "The Russian Experiment," by Arthur Feiler (Harcourt, Brace), and Edmund A. Walsh's "The Last Stand" (Little Brown). There are no less than three lives of Lenin which have appeared within the last few weeks, one by G. Vernadsky (Yale University Press), another by D. S. Mirsky (Little, Brown), and a third by Ferdinand Ossendowski (Dutton). The last is a fictionized biography in the characteristic manner of its author, highly spiced and romantic, the other two scholarly studies. Isaac Don Levine has just published a life of Stalin (Cosmopolitan), and the Yale University Press is issuing "The End of the Russian Empire," by Michael Florinsky. Certainly there's no excuse for unawareness of the stupendous experiment that is being carried on in the Soviet States, even though reports as to its workings may be conflicting. Nor is there any reason why the person who prefers to get his contemporary history through its reflection in fiction rather than from its direct portrayal should have difficulty in satisfying his interest. There has been a long train of Russian novels appearing in recent months to which not long ago was added "City of White Night" (Norton), by Nikolai Gubsky, a romance which has the distinction of having been written in English, and which in due time is to be followed by the second in Maxim Gorki's series of novels portraying revolution in Russia, a volume entitled "The Magnet" (Cape-Smith).

Horror engulfs us. We are rigidly limited in the space at our disposal (our dilatoriness having reduced us to writing this survey after the rest of the paper is in the forms), and we have already spent too large a fraction of it on Russia. Our only consolation is that no other single matter looms so large on the horizon.

Not at present, at least. There's the war, from which present-day Russia derives, but that is now fortunately in the past, though it is next week, with the issuance of General Pershing's "My Experiences in the World War" (Stokes), to be revived through the memories of the man who played the prime part in America's military conduct of it. The character of General Pershing's book is already familiar to the public through the portions of the narrative which have had nationwide syndication; the two stout volumes which include them contain, it should go without saying, an immense amount of detail which the exigencies of newspaper publication necessitated excising. For the reader who, having perused Pershing, wishes to get not only the American official point of view upon military events but a similarly authoritative account of the war from the French angle there is just the work he wants in Marshal Foch's "Memoirs" (Doubleday, Doran), a detailed and scientific record of events. And while we're on the subject of wars (and after hearing a Russian nobleman direct from Paris predict another European conflict in fifty years, as we did last night, we wonder whether we are ever going to be off the subject of wars), we might as well mention here instead of later Walter Millis's very lively and many-faceted chronicle of America's war with Spain, entitled "The Martial Spirit," which is to be issued by Houghton Mifflin and sent out by the Literary Guild as its June selection. Here is a book that Americans of the generation which lived through that dubious and momentous episode of national history will read with admiration for its well-rounded exposition of events and influences, and which their younger contemporaries will find holds something of the fascination for them which a work such as Mr. Mark Sullivan's "Our Times" provides.

But we must not tarry. From wars and arms we fly (we can't at the moment decide how to punctuate our quotation in view of its change of pronoun so calmly appropriate it without the marks of our theft) to fair ladies and gallant gentlemen (again we steal)—or, in other words, to fiction. And now troubles multiply. For here is a grist that defies compression unless we ruthlessly quote titles and append no comment on them. Well, at any rate, we'll make a beginning by telescoping into one long sentence the translations which constitute one of the major categories of this Spring's fiction offerings. Here they are. Alas! before we begin we are lost, for we simply can't mention Franz Werfel's "The Pure in Heart" (Simon & Schuster) without saying that this two-volume romance is an impressive work reflecting the Central Europe of the last forty years, or "The Past Recaptured" (Boni), by Marcel Proust, without noting that it is the final part of "Remembrance of Things Past," or Andreas Latzko's "Seven Days" (Viking) without adding that here is a really enthralling tale with dramatic interest and psychological subtlety to boot, or "The Weigher of Souls" (Appleton), without remarking that in his brief book André Maurois is both graceful and,—well, we give it up, there is no other word for it but that detestable one, "intriguing." But we cannot go on thus. Now, truly, we'll pass a self-denying ordinance and list the rest of our translations with never a single by-remark. "If at first"— "Samson and Delilah" (Simon & Schuster), by Felix Salten; "Flight into Darkness" (Simon & Schuster), by Arthur Schnitzler; "From Day to Day" (Viking), by Ferdynand Goetel; "The Road Back" (Little, Brown), by Erich Maria Remarque (virtue fairly oozes from us that we do not even stop to tell you the very day on which this book by the author of "All Quiet on the Western Front" is to appear); "The Dogs" (Lippincott), by Ivan Nashivin (which we didn't include in our earlier Russian group because it is a story not of men of affairs but of animals); "The Blind Man" (Knopf), by Olav Duun; "Doctor Kerkhoven" (Liveright), by Jacob Wassermann; "Herm Wulf: a Peasant Chronicle" (Minton, Balch), by Hermann Löns (that time the publisher helped us in our resolution to be silent by putting the characterization of his book into its title); "No Surrender" (Dutton), by Jo van Ammers-Kuller (well, we surrender,—it's a political epic of woman); "Lacemaker Lekholm" (Dial), by Gustav Hellstrom; "A Man's Life" (Holt),

(*Continued on page 764*)

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS

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The New Books

Miscellaneous

(*Continued from page 759*)

EVANGELICAL OFFICES OF WORSHIP AND MEDITATION. Compiled and edited by *William Norman Guthrie*. New York: Schulte Press. $2.

THE SECOND OLDEST PROFESSION. By *Ben L. Reitman*. Vanguard. $3.75.

DEPOSITORS PAID IN FULL. By *Frederick Powell*. New York: Arbitrator Press. $1.50.

GREEN LIFE. By *Christine Swayne*. Putnams. $2.50.

SOLUTION OF THE WORLD RIDDLE. By *Innominatus*. San Francisco: Harr Wagner. $2.50.

MEATLESS MEALS. By *Jean Prescott Adams*. New York: Laidlaw Brothers. $1.

WILL IT MARCH? By *Thomas Carlyle Lattimer*. San Francisco: Harr Wagner. $3.50.

Poetry

ROBERT FROST: COLLECTED POEMS. Random House.

BEYOND. Edited by *Sherman Ripley*. Appleton. $2.50.

TRANSLATIONS OF ANCIENT ARABIAN POETRY. By *Charles James Lyall*. Columbia University Press. $3.

WISHING ON A COMET, and Collected Poems. By *Louise Burton Laidlaw*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

CHELSEA ROOMING HOUSE. By *Horace Gregory*. Covici, Friede. $2.

COBWEBS AND COSMOS. By *Paul Eldridge*. Liveright. $2.50.

LAUDS AND LOVES. By *Henry Simpson*. London: Sach.

CURTAIN CALLS. By *Constance Ferris*. San Francisco: Wagner.

THE FLAME IN THE WIND. By *Margaret Hale Anderson*. Louisville, Ky.: Morton.

PITTSBURGH COLLEGE VERSE, 1924-1930. Edited by *Margaret E. Houghawout*. Kansas State Teachers College. $1.50.

POEMS. By *F. A. Homfray*. Oxford University Press. $1.50.

WINGS OF THE MORNING. By *Hazel Harper Harris*. Dallas, Tex.: Cockrell.

WINTER GARDEN. By *Richard Ely Morse*. Poetry Society of Amherst College.

ECHOES FROM MAIN STREET. By *Leander T. Decelles*. Boston: Stone & Burr. $1.50.

Travel

AFRICA'S LAST EMPIRE. By HERMANN NORDEN. Macrae-Smith. 1930. $5.

When one travels without any very definite purpose, it is more than difficult to write a book with any point to it. Mr. Norden was starting on a trip to Indo-China and wound up in Abyssinia, presumably to meet a friend. It is not clear, exactly, why that plan, too, fell through. But he carried on, and one gets the impression that he made a stab here and there at the country without ever getting very deeply into anything. He does not give enough detail to present a clear picture of the life of the country, and his historical interludes do not have the flavor of careful study. His style is certainly not exceptional.

The eighty-one photographs and a rather better map than most travel yarns have do make up to some extent for the other shortcomings, but to this reviewer there was little to the book after the first chapter.

PERU FROM THE AIR. Photographs by LIEUT. GEORGE R. JOHNSON. Text and notes by RAYE R. PLATT. New York: American Geographical Society. 1930. $5.

Those of us who know and love the West Coast of South America cannot but be thrilled by this beautiful job of book-making. In a series of almost a hundred and fifty breath-taking aerial photographs the country of Peru is spread out for us in all its various aspects, from the bleak, forlorn coastal strip with its desolate ports, up over the Andes with their fertile valley-settlements and pre-historic Inca ruins, to the jungle country on the eastern slopes.

The photography and presentation are superb, but it is not as a picture book that the American Geographical Society published this volume. Always serious in purpose, the society has here, for the first time in this country, used aerial photographs with explanatory notes for serious geographical study. In Europe various special regions have been likewise dealt with, but never before has this technique been used to present a cross section of the topography and life of an entire nation.

The very first picture shows the success of the method. Here, on one page, so simply as to be almost diagrammatic, are presented the features that characterize most Peruvian ports. The port of Supé is laid out on the barren beach in a regular pattern, clinging to a pier in a sheltered cove, fed by a railroad from the irrigated valleys inland. Other ports differ from this in detailed aspects, most of them are like Supé in general arrangement—natural shelter of some sort for ships, a village for stevedores, a railroad to the interior. Valley, road or railroad, and port, form a complete and independent economic unit—and there are many such in Peru.

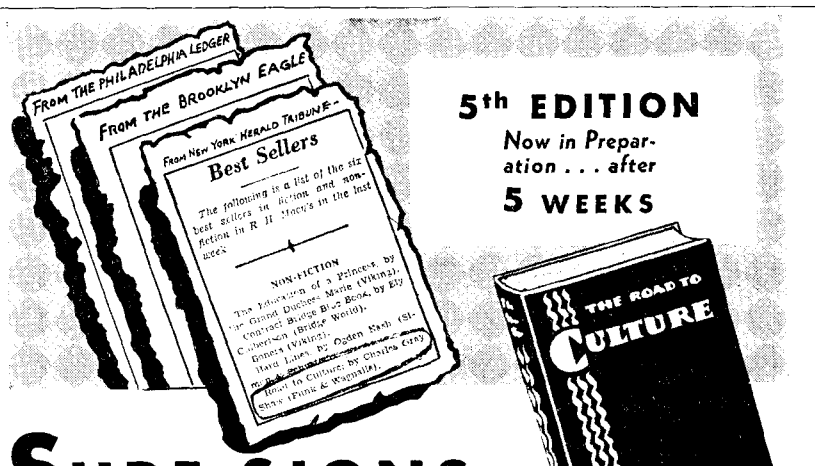
To see a country from the air, as in these photographs, is virtually to discover it anew. Broad features known previously only bit by bit as they must be from the ground, are frequently covered in a single exposure from a plane. The smallest of ocean and river ports, the humblest and most isolated of human habitations, take on new meaning when seen from the air, for they are seen complete and in the whole of their natural and man-made settings.

It is because of this completeness that the American Geographical Society's publication should arouse wide interest, and it should not be long before this pioneer work is followed by the wide-spread use of aerial photographs for geographical studies, both elementary and advanced, which they simplify so enormously.

Books Briefly Described

THE MEMOIRS OF LOU TELEGEN. Vanguard Press. 1931. $3.

A vivacious account of amours pretty much all over the world, with some sidelights on the careers of several well-known women.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THE DOOM OF CONAIRÉ MOR. By W. E. WALSH. Montreal: Louis Carrier & Co. 1931.

This romantic reworking of the material of the Irish Sagas is done with great feeling and a sympathetic understanding of the genius of the Irish story teller. It is excellently written and deserves a place with the many works of the Irish Renaissance inspired by the new acquaintance with Gælic sources.

JOHN PENDLETON KENNEDY. By EDWARD M. GWATHMEY. New York: Thomas Nelson. 1931. $2.50.

A brief biography of the author of "Horseshoe-Robinson" and "Swallow Barn," novels that have taken their place in our early national literature. Kennedy's relations with Poe and with most of the writers of his time make this biography valuable.

THE HISTORY OF PALESTINE. By ANGELO S. RAPPOPORT. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1931. $3.50.

A sketchy history of Palestine from the earliest period through Greek and Roman and Turkish domination up to the present. Includes a bibliography.

A SECOND ELIZABETHAN JOURNAL. By G. B. HARRISON. New York: Richard R. Smith. 1931. $6.

This is a sequel to the "First" Elizabethan Journal, a record of the things most talked about during the period which it covered. The Second Journal covers 1595-1598 and, like the first one, is a day-by-day record taken from contemporary sources of what was happening importantly to or in England. Thus in these unique books one sees contemporary history somewhat as Elizabethans saw it.

CONTEMPORARY SOCIAL MOVEMENTS. By JEROME DAVIS. New York: The Century Co. 1931.

"This is the first text-book of modern social movements to be published in America. It presents certain outstanding European social departures and suggests certain of their effects on American life." Mr. Davis begins with a comment on Utopias, illustrated by quotation, and follows with important excerpts from the literature of Socialism, Communism, Fascism, the Coöperative Movement, the British Labor Movement, and the Peace Movement. The book is equipped with unusually full bibliographies to facilitate its use in study. The editor of the Century Social Science series in which this book appears says, "Here is a book for those who would explore the thought currents which are agitating myriads of minds today."

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE. By ANDERSON M. BATEN. Dallas, Texas. 1931.

This is a lifetime work of a private reader who has formed his philosophy of life from an extensive study of many books and here includes those excerpts which have seemed to him most important.

LOCKHART'S LITERARY CRITICISM. Edited by M. C. HILDYARD. Oxford: Basil Blackwell. 1931. 6s.

A convenient collection of Lockhart's outstanding criticisms. The editor feels that this selection reveals a man more liberal-minded than has usually been supposed. The reader may doubt.

UNEXPLORED POLAND. By GRACE HUMPHREY. Indianapolis, Indiana: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1931. $4.

A chatty and readable book describing a journey to Poland with rather unusual opportunities for intimate contact. The author "spent fifteen months in Poland studying the country, absorbing its history and getting acquainted with its people."

THE GERMAN SUBMARINE WAR: 1914-1918. By R. H. GIBSON and MAURICE PRENDERGAST. New York: Richard R. Smith. 1931. $8.50.

A careful and detailed account of the history of the submarine war with specific reference to all casualties both of submarines and of vessels attacked, with an elaborate appendix giving the statistics of the German submarines.

HUMAN NATURE: How It Grows and How It Operates. By H. SCHOEN. New York: Harper & Bros. 1931. $3.50.

The publishers describe this as a "simple and authoritative presentation. . . . Here is explained the part that instinct, emotion, and energy play in human life, how the brain actually works, and the body coöperates." The book is written for the general reader by a professor of psychology in the Carnegie Institute of Technology.

THE ORIGIN AND GROWTH OF RELIGION. By W. SCHMIDT. New York: Dial Press. 1931. $5.

An important book by a Catholic anthropologist presenting the history of religion anthropologically considered with the thesis that there is one high God in the background of every religious movement.

AARON BURR. By JOHNSTON D. KERKHOFF. New York: Greenberg. 1931. $3.50.

A romantic narrative in fictional form based upon the life of Burr.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: The Son of His Country, 1732-1755. By PAUL VAN DYKE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1931. $2.50.

"This book is an examination of the part played by environment in moulding the youthful Washington. Its emphasis is upon the American background up to 1775, when Washington was called to the command of the Colonies and forces."

PERSONAL PROBLEMS FOR MEN AND WOMEN. By KARL M. BOWMAN. New York: Greenberg. 1931. $3.50.

"This book endeavors to present in a simple and understandable fashion the important theories with regard to human behavior, and then tries to apply these to the practical problems of adult life." It discusses inherited factors, physical facts, disease and mental life, child training, tobacco and alcohol, sex and marriage, moral and spiritual values.

LET'S GO FISHING. By CHARLES REITELL. New York: McGraw-Hill Co. 1931. $2.50.

An American book which gives a good deal of practical advice about fishing and differs from most such books in discussing perch, eel, the sunfish, the sucker, and other humble fish as well as trout and bass.

JOSEPH HOPKINSON: 1770-1842. By BURTON ALVA KONKLE. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. 1931. $4.

A careful biography of the author of "Hail Columbia" who was also a distinguished lawyer, judge, and eminent citizen of Philadelphia in a very interesting period. A contribution to the history of minor but important figures in our early national period.

REALM OF THE AIR. By CHARLES FITZHUGH TALMAN. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1931.

This is a book on the weather, partly historical, partly descriptive, written in interesting fashion and containing much information that will be of interest to the general reader.

Juveniles Briefly Described

HOW IT HAPPENED. By RHODA POWER. Houghton Mifflin. 1931. $2.

Stories for fairly young children based on plots of myths and folks tales from twenty countries. The author makes no attempt at locale or atmosphere. Her stories are all of the "How It Happened" type, why the fox has a white-tipped tale, etc. They read pleasantly; an element of beauty comes along with the old plots and is reflected in the writing. The book is well illustrated by line-cuts by Agnes Miller Parker.

BABS. By FAITH BALDWIN. Dodd, Mead. 1931. $2.

The "spirited wholesomeness" mentioned in the jacket-foreword, so typical of books for girls, here furthers Judy in her flying career. There is not so much flying, however, as there is fun-making with girl companions. A book with some spontaneity.

AMERICAN TYPES, A Preface to Analytic Psychology. By JAMES OPPENHEIM. New York: ALFRED A. KNOPF. 1931. $2.50.

A study of typical American character by the use of the categories of extroversion and introversion with many sub-types, prefaced by a discussion or the author's psychological method and illustrated by examples drawn from literature as well as life.

NAPOLEON'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY. Compiled by F. N. KIRCHEISEN. New York: Duffield & Co. 1931. $5.

An interesting book, first-hand in its material but of course quite unreliable as history, made by extracting from all of Napoleon's writing those passages which are directly autobiographical and arranging the whole in a connected story.

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The Reader's Guide

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

M. C., on behalf of a study club in Texas, asks for books from which to arrange a year's reading on Africa, to include books written by native Africans and works on African art.

G. A. GOLLOCK'S "Sons of Africa" (Friendship Press) is a set of short biographies of prominent Negroes who have been prominent in African life; it has decorations by Aaron Douglas. The same author's "Lives of Eminent Africans" was lately published by Longmans, Green. "Aggrey of Africa," by Edwin W. Smith (Doubleday, Doran) is the life of one who did much to better understanding of white and colored races; he was born on the Gold Coast. Jesse Page's "The Black Bishop, Samuel Crowther" is published by Simpkin & Marshall, London, and the Student Christian Movement Press, London, recently issued F. D. Walker's "Freeman, Son of an African."

A brief reading list on art, music, and literature should include the following: "Songs and Tales from the Dark Continent," by Simangs and Cele (Schirmer); these were recorded by Natalie Curtis, and the pictures are specimens of African art. "Primitive Negro Sculpture," by Guillaume and Munro (Harcourt, Brace), is an important and quite recent work. Some of the most scholarly works on African art are printed in France, where, by the way, a collector may pick up amazing specimens of masks, carvings, and the like in out of the way shops. Chauvet's "Musique Nègre" is published by the *Société d'Éditions Geographiques, Maritimes et Coloniales*, 184 Boul. St. Germain, Paris. It has a large section devoted to music and plates of native instruments. The remarkable illustrations by C. L. Baldridge for "White Africans and Black," by Caroline Singer and C. L. Baldridge (Norton), brought it to the immediate attention of the general public, and the text, which is based on fourteen months' experiences on the West Coast, rewarded reading.

Erick Berry's "Black Folk Tales" (Harper) and "Girls in Africa" (Macmillan) are the results of several years' stay in Nigeria; the first is retold from legends of the Haussa tribe, the second is of contemporary life. These are for young readers, and Blaise Cendrars "Little Black Stories for Little White Children" (Payson) for readers even younger, but all three are well worth putting into this collection; I keep the Cendrars book at hand as much for the amazing woodcuts as for the stories. Réné Maran's "Batouala" (Seltzer), a Goncourt Prize jungle novel by a French Negro, made a splash when it appeared here, in 1922. Sara Millin's "God's Step-Children" (Liveright) is the best-known novel by an African-born white author since Olive Schreiner's time.

"The Negro: a Selected Bibliography," is one of the best-made bulletins of the New York Public Library, not too long to be practical and selected with a view to the needs of the general reader: it was compiled by the 135th Street Branch, where Miss Ernestine Rose has developed a cultural center, with a museum of arts and decorations. This bulletin should be consulted by the various clubs that have asked me for suggestions on African study-programs during the year, and I may add that the subject seems steadily increasing in popularity.

M. S. T., Winter Park, Fla., asks "if F. Tennyson Jesse has written anything comparable to her remarkable 'Tom Fool.'"

IN my opinion her "Lacquer Lady" (Macmillan), published last year, is even stronger. This romance, based on the actual circumstances of the annexation of Upper Burma by the British and the extraordinary part taken in these by an unexpected Englishwoman, gave me so compelling a sense of exotic civilization that I brought myself back to Manhattan with a wrench. I have been asked about the pronunciation of her name; it is Jess in one syllable, and I hope no one asks me how to pronounce the name for which F stands; it is Fryniwyd.

E. M. F., New Jersey College for Women, writes:

"One never reaches a peak of interest in a subject without finding someone in a distant part of the world expressing an interest in the same thing. Your correspondent, *P. D., of San Diego*, wishing information on map-collecting, will find the Holman and Fordham which you mentioned most compact and useful. I suggest that he also read the very enlightening and practical section on maps in the Britannica. Also the articles on 'Maps and Their Making' by Max Meyer, cartographer with Ginn & Company, published in *Publishers' Weekly*, June 7, July 5, and October 4, 1930. There was also an interesting article by H. I. Brock, 'Down the Ages of Mapping Our World,' in the *New York Times Magazine* for July 15, 1928, and the National Geographical Society has published some articles on cartography and has published reprints of the maps which adorn its building in Washington.

Book auctions are constantly offering old maps, and the second-hand book dealers have discovered that an old map torn from a book or an atlas will often bring more than the book! But I believe that the greatest quantities of attractive old maps are still unclaimed in the shops of Europe. I have limited my interest to the present fad or revival of 'picture-maps' with one or two old examples to show the prototype; and I have found it rather difficult to discover the ones which have been published. Except for those published by R. R. Bowker or by John Day, most pictorial maps seem to be published by obscure companies. Even though the maps themselves claim a copyright it is difficult to find them in the bibliographies. One shop told me that they found that they had to depend largely upon itinerant agents except for those from regular publishers. Brentano sells about thirty different modern picture-maps; and Washington Square Book Shop handles quite a number. By watching for them over a period of time I have been able to discover only about sixty-five of these maps; although I know that they are being produced frequently. Many of the curious and interesting ones concern themselves with the distribution of some product or "service" and are printed as advertising material. Many of them are examples of poor cartography,—and poorer art. Reproductions of decorative old maps may be bought from Chagnon & Company, 1170 Sixth Avenue, New York City. The revival of interest in maps, I am sure, must be stimulated by twentieth century explorations and the achievements of the dirigible and the airplane. And in this connection, Russell Owen's article in the *New York Times* for March 1, 'Unknown Lands Still Beckon the Explorer' is interesting. There's nothing like a map to lead one's curiosity on."

Other map suggestions:

Stephen Benét writes, quoted in *The Saturday Review* for February 21,

My minds' a map. . . .
. . . bright-patterned like Arabian rugs.
"Here there be tygers." "Here we buried Jim."

"Please refer P. D. of San Diego to Humphrey's 'Old Decorative Maps and Charts.' 1926. Minton, $25; and to Justin Winsor's 'The Kohl Collection . . . of Maps Relating to America.'"

Speaking of old maps, Mrs. Gerard Alexander, Alta Avenue, Louisville, Ky., has some military maps of the Mexican War, General Scott's command, that have been kept all this time in tight tin cases and are in perfect condition. The topographical names are in Spanish. This may interest map-seekers.

G. M., Gateway, Colorado, asks where to get a copy of a play called "Ingomar," by "an Austrian nobleman or something like that named Baldinghausen."

"Ingomar the Barbarian," a play in five acts translated and adapted by Maria Ann Lovell from *Der Sohn der Wildness*, by Eligius Franz Joseph, Freiherr von Muench-Bellinghausen (1806-1871), is still published by French and by Baker in paper covers. It was given here with great success by Salvini as *Il Figlio delle Selve*, and Mary Anderson early in her career appeared as its lovely Parthenia. Considering the difficulty in getting all that name upon a title page, it may not be surprising that he used the pseudonym "F. Halm." *G. S., Dallas Texas, asks if Marion Crawford's play "Francesca da Rimini" is still in print.* Samuel French published it at seventy-five cents. *L. S. (no address)* asks in which issue of the *American Mercury* was an article on the influence of heredity as exemplified by the Edwards and Jukes families. "The Edwardses and the Jukeses," by Clarence Darrow, appeared in the issue for October, 1925. *H. F., Baltimore, Md.*, asks for a review that appeared in this magazine not long ago of a book on the subject of "identical twins," name and date forgotten; several other requests have come for this; it was Arnold Gesell's review of Nathaniel Hirsch's "Twins," and it appeared in the January 10 issue of the *Saturday Review of Literature*. *R. E. C., Staunton, Va.*, thinks that *R. S.*, in search of ghost stories of distinction, would like "The Wind in the Rosebush," by Mary Wilkins Freeman, saying "I think they are the creepiest, eeriest ones I know; try 'em!" As for me, the most awful ghost story I know is Henry James's "The Turn of the Screw"; I quake when I think of it. *W. J. A., Escanaba, Mich.*, asks for the address of a Dickens League of which she has heard over the radio. The Dickens League, Inc., America, founded 1928, is at 45 West 39th Street, N. Y. The Dickens Fellowship, New York branch of an international organization (1905), is at the National Arts Club, 119 East 19th Street, N. Y.

Romain Rolland

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Books of the Spring

(*Continued from page 761*)

by Jacques de Lacratelle, and "The Web of Youth" (Brewer & Warren) which, having reached the end of our translations, we'll relax enough to explain is a tale of youth in post-war Germany.

There! That's foreign fiction disposed of, so on to historical novels, foreign, too, as it happens, in their background. We group here Robert Sherwood's "The Virtuous Knight" (Scribners), which is at once a tale of the past and an allegory of the present; "The Forest Ship" (Viking), by Arnold Hollriegel, a story in which also, though in a different manner, the present impinges on the past, drawing color from a South American background and tensity from a good adventure chronicle; "Aphrodite in Aulis" (Brentanos), by George Moore, a romance of classic times; "The Last Days of Shylock" (Harpers), in which Ludwig Lewisohn skilfully and movingly continues Shylock's career from the point at which Shakespeare left it; "St. Vitus' Day" (Appleton), by Stephen Graham, a novel, which is all but history in disguise, evolved from the Serajevo plot and its immediate consequences; and "The Jesting Army" (Appleton), by Ernest Raymond, which takes the British army in the World War for its hero.

From these tales of the recent and more distant past we rush on to such a fantastic forecast of the future as "Last and First Men" (Cape-Smith), by Olaf Stapledon, and to the genial fooling of George S. Chappell's "Dr. Traprock's Memory Book, or Aged in the Wood" (Putnam). Then there's "The Orchid" (Bobbs-Merrill), slight but written with Robert Nathan's usual delicate artistry and infused with his whimsical tenderness, and Edith Olivier's "Dwarf's Blood" (Viking), a novel curiously unlike its author's earlier work in theme and handling, with an unhackneyed plot and a progression of events that might have been both moving and fascinating but ever and again verge on the melodramatic and the incredible.

Two stories of adolescence and youth stand out from the general rank and file of fiction. One is David Burnham's "This Our Exile" (Scribners), a tale of the college youth at grips with life and circumstance now untoward, now emotionally exciting, with one of the most powerful and painfully effective deathbed scenes we have read in a long while, but as a narrative not sustained at the pitch of its first half throughout its second and always unduly Hemingwayesque in manner. The other is an interesting and realistic portrayal of life at a boys' school of the type of St. Marks entitled "The Gospel According to St. Luke's" (Longmans, Green). This book of Philip Stevenson's is convincing and effective until close to the end when, it seems to us, by the quite unnecessary translation of its characters from school to college, and their depiction at the familiar business of drinking and facile love-making, it comes to a weak end.

This is terrible. Again we are writing as though space were ours for the asking. And again we shall resort to the expedient of rolling off a list of titles without any explanations regarding them, a course the easier to pursue since the volumes we mean to cite now are mystery and detective stories and therefore the better for having nothing of their content betrayed. They include the omnibus collection of E. Phillips Oppenheim's tales, presenting, as the publishers, Little, Brown, say, "fifty-one stories, 375,000 words" of Oppenheim literature (and Mr. Oppenheim certainly has the knack of spinning a yarn) and— But we might as well give up right here, for "omnibus" puts us in mind of the fact that sometime in the summer there's to be an omnibus W. W. Jacobs (Scribner), which we simply have to mention here among the mystery stories where it doesn't belong at all for the benefit of the Jacobs enthusiasts, and further good news (and this leads us back to our proper business of detective tales), again some time in the summer there's to be an omnibus collection of Austin Freeman's Dr. Thorndyke's tales. If ye have sleep, prepare to lose it then.

But to resume our listing. Among the new crime tales are Leonard Falkner's "M: A Detective Novel" (Holt), "To the Gallows I Must Go" (Knopf), by T. S. Matthews; "The Death Pool" (Morrow), by Vernon Loder; "Murder at the Pageant" (Duffield), by Victor L. Whitechurch; "Murder in the News Room" (Dutton), by Henry Charlton Beck; "An End to Mirth" (Dutton), by Ben Ames Williams, and "The Night of Fear" (Harpers), by M. Plum. To these may be added two psychological mysteries, if we may so call them for want of a better term, both the products of pens skilful above the average—"No Walls of Jasper" (Doubleday, Doran), by Joanna Cannan, and "A Hair Divides" (Doubleday, Doran), by Claude Houghton.

There is no book of the current list—few, indeed, that we know of anywhere—that for sheer horror is the equal of one which is neither mystery nor detective story though a tale of crime. For unadulterated hideousness we have read nothing to approach William Faulkner's "Sanctuary" (Cape-Smith), and yet it is a book which demands mention by virtue of its literary power. Mr. Faulkner, whose interest, so far as it is evinced in his books, is in perverts, criminals, and imbeciles, has an ability to evoke a scene, to realize character, and a driving force to his description which make it impossible to ignore his work, no matter how intensely unpleasant it may be. However, it is like passing from night to day to turn from such a book as his to one like Elizabeth's forthcoming "Father" (Doubleday, Doran), a gay and entertaining romance in which high spirits are given an edge by a lurking and subtle satire which has just enough of the author's caustic wit to prove that behind the velvet paw still remain the claws which did such deadly destruction in "Vera." If you would read another book that is clever and slyly ironical and highly amusing, disregard the tabloid title of "His Monkey Wife" (Appleton), and read John Collier's fantastic story of an educated chimpanzee. Alas! poor Emily, who could read Conrad and could not escape jealousy.

As necessity demands we string out herewith another unannotated list of titles, with no intention of derogating from their interest, and with the simple statement that they are adapted to the taste of the roving reader: Peadar O'Donnell's "There Will Be Fighting" (Putnam); "Portrait of Caroline" (Little, Brown), by Sylvia Thompson; Lady Eleanor Smith's "Flamenco" (Bobbs-Merrill), a tale of gypsy love which is a best-seller in England; "Little Green Apples" (Brewer & Warren), by Geoffrey Moss; E. M. Delafield's "House Party" (Harpers); "A Richer Dust" (Knopf), by Storm Jameson; "The Good Earth" (Day), by Pearl Buck, an excellent tale of China; "Dumb Animal" (Lippincott), by Osbert Sitwell; "Gambler's Wife" (Macmillan), by Elizabeth Gertrude Stern; "Fay's Circus" (Norton), by Katherine Susannah Prichard, an Australian who travelled widely in her own country to get the necessary material for this book; Michael Arlen's "Men Dislike Women" (Doubleday, Doran); "The Same Person" (Duffield), by Anna Robeson Burr, the first novel in some years of a popular author; "Gin and Bitters" (Farrar & Rinehart), by the pseudonymous A. Riposte, an answer to "Cakes and Ale"; "Hunger and Love," (Harpers), by Lionel Britten, a Zolaesque novel of large proportions; "Seven Daughters" (Farrar & Rinehart), by Lesley Storm; "The Squire's Daughter" (Coward-McCann), by F. M. Mayor, a novel of England which descends in type from Jane Austen; "Whitegates" (Coward-McCann), by Orgill MacKenzie; Neil M. Gunn's "Morning Tide" (Harcourt, Brace), in which stark realism is relieved by occasional lovely poetic flashes of description, and finally, that compendium of new authors, "The American Caravan" (Macaulay).

Well, that was certainly giving you the dose pretty straight. Still, it was effective, for it leaves us with only a group of novels of distinctively American background to complete our fiction category. We'll dispatch them in the following enumeration, beginning with two collections of tales of the South, "Stories of the South. Old and New" (Norton), edited by Addison Hibbard, and "Culture below the Potomac" (Norton), edited by Howard Mumford Jones, and passing on to T. S. Stribling's tale of the Alabama of the Civil War period, "The Forge" (Doubleday, Doran). We advance from that last to the four small volumes by Frances and Laroque Tinker depicting "Old New Orleans" (Appleton), and to Frances Ogilvie's novel of the New South, "Green Bondage" (Farrar & Rinehart), and end with Harlan Hatcher's novel of the Middle-Wester "Tunnel Hill" (Bobbs-Merrill) and George Milburn's "Oklahoma Town" (Harcourt, Brace). Fiction in form rather than intention, and actually a satirical portrait of the United States, is Eric Linklater's "Juan in America" (Cape-Smith). And that's that. We draw a long breath.

And now for biography. Fortunately that's a division of literature in which titles very generally explain themselves. For instance, it needs no comment to make clear the nature of the following books: "Memoirs of Prince von Bülow" (Little, Brown), "Mustapha Kemal of Turkey," by H. E. Wortham (Little, Brown), "The Life of the Empress Eugénie" (Scribners), by Robert Esmond Sencourt, or "Empress Eugénie" (Lippincott), by Octave Aubry, "The Emperor Karl" (Houghton Mifflin), by Arthur Count Polzer Hoditz, and "Stout Cortez" (Century), by Henry Morton Robinson. To be sure, the reader could not necessarily be supposed to know that "The White Gods" (Harpers), by Richard Friedenthal, was likewise a life—this time a romantic one—of the conqueror of Mexico, or that "Imperial Brother" (Viking), by Maristan Chapman, is a biography of the Duc de Morny. On the other hand, Oskar von Wertheimer's "Cleopatra" (Lippincott) speaks for itself. Incidentally, while we are on the subject of biography that is history, we must mention that there is a life of Schliemann, who first opened up to the public gaze a part of the past, by Emil Ludwig (Little, Brown).

The lover of literature should find no difficulty in selecting something to his taste from a large list of biographies which includes T. Y. Ybarra's "Cervantes" (Boni), Michael Sadleir's "Bulwer: A Panorama" (Little, Brown), Catherine Carswell's "Life of Robert Burns" (Harcourt, Brace), Osbert Burdett's "The Two Carlyles" (Houghton Mifflin), "Innocence Abroad" (Knopf), in which Emily Clark, one of its founders, records the career of the *Reviewer* and presents pen portraits of many of those who contributed to it, "The Life of Ibsen" (Norton), by Halvdan Koht, "Wordsworth" (Cape-Smith), by Herbert Read, Jean Temple's "Blue Ghost" (Cape-Smith), behind which shadowy designation stands the form of Lafcadio Hearn, Henry Walcott Boynton's "James Fenimore Cooper" (Century), a new life of Jane Austen (Dutton), by Brimley Johnson, who has furnished introductions for many of her books and already written much upon her, and Romain Rolland's "Goethe and Beethoven" (Harpers).

Certainly we don't have to explain to readers of the *Saturday Review* that John Mistletoe, whose life Doubleday, Doran is shortly to publish, bears a strange resemblance to our own Christopher Morley, nor will they be surprised to find the book an expansion of articles which appeared in the Bowling Green. Modesty forbids us to comment upon the work of our office family. This is clearly a case of F. H. B. So we restrain ourselves and pass on to the statement that "Dawn" (Liveright) is the autobiographical record of Theodore Dreiser's early years. (We'll pass out, if we don't soon work free of this survey which threatens all sorts of readjustments with the make-up of those pages waiting so rigidly upon the stone).

That's the way we waste space, using it for parenthetical ejaculations of self-pity. Still it's a relief to the feelings, and gives us sufficient impetus to proceed to a group of biographies that should prove of special attraction to the reader with a religious turn of mind. It's a small group but select, containing only four titles, but all of them of interest. This goodly company consists of "The Mysterious Madame" (Brewer & Warren), by C. E. Bechhofer Roberts, the life of Helene Petrovna Blavatsky, who, like Annie Besant, "The Passionate Pilgrim" (Coward-McCann) of the volume by Gertrude Marvin Williams, was a theosophist and enthusiast; "The Angelical Doctor" (Dial), a study, by Jacques Maritain, of the life and thought of Saint Thomas Aquinas, and Agnes Repplier's "Mère Marie of the Ursulines" (Doubleday, Doran), the selection of both the Catholic Book Club and the Literary Guild for this month.

Then there's H. S. Ede's "Savage Messiah" (Knopf), which by its title ought to have something to do with religion, but doesn't, being the letters of Sophie Suzanne Breszka and Henri Gaudier. And now we have led up to the biographies of those illustrious in the arts, a list which includes Thomas Craven's "Men of Art" (Simon & Schuster), the Book-of-the-Month for April, "The Letters of John Constable to C. R. Leslie, R. A. 1826-37" (Richard R. Smith), edited by Peter Leslie, and "Memories of William Rothenstein" (Coward-McCann), one of the most interesting books of the season, rich in anecdote and illustration. And here where we are enumerating these volumes seems as good a time as any to make mention of Will Durant's volume, "Studies in Genius" (Simon & Schuster).

Before we leave the subject of biographies there's a small group of books we wish to mention on men and women who have played a part in or been nearly concerned with the political scene. Into this falls Gamaliel Bradford's "The Quick and the Dead" (Houghton Mifflin), Lothrop Stoddard's "Master of Manhattan" (Century), a life of that leader of Tammany Hall who still holds the palm for corruption in municipal politics, Richard Croker, the second volume of Eron Rowland's "Varina Howell, Wife of Jefferson Davis" (Macmillan), and Queena Pollack's "Peggy Eaton" (Minton, Balch).

Things are going from bad to worse, and our forebodings grow. What if we have to continue this survey "in our next" after the way of serials? Well, we'll try to prune our list more rigorously. Still, we can't skip all the poetry. It would go utterly against our conscience not to mention such verse as Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Fatal Interview" (Harpers), Humbert Wolfe's "Early Poems" (Knopf), James Stephens's "Theme and Variations" (Macmillan), Sylvia Townsend Warner's "Opus 7" (Viking), Mark Van Doren's "Jonathan Gentry" (Boni), and James Whaler's "Green River" (Harcourt, Brace).

Now poetry's behind us. Next comes *belles lettres* to which, lest we let it crowd out travel, we give short shrift with Irwin Edman's "The Contemporary and His Soul" (Cape-Smith), Cassius Jackson Keyser's "Humanism and Science" (Columbia University Press), Houston Peterson's "The

(*Continued on next page*)

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The Antiquarian Bookseller

By Gabriel Wells

We reprint the following address made by Mr. Wells, President of the Antiquarian Booksellers' Association, at the annual dinner of the Association in London last February.

A SINGLE thought I wish to present as my contribution of the occasion. It relates to no less than the Antiquarian Bookseller's place in the scheme of things.

Of one thing I can assure you at the outset, and thereby keep you reassured as I proceed—I'll make it short. My brevity is a plain case of necessity: I am no speaker. When yet a boy at school my teacher foretold it. In my old age it remained for Mr. Bernard Shaw to bring this my short-falling as a speaker, home to me in a remark he made when I asked him to be with us this evening. After giving several reasons why he could not do so, he added with an engaging chuckle: "You had better not have me anyway, for they would rather listen to me than to you." Naturally. But, then, I might perhaps advance this in my favor that I am not so apt to upset the "apple-cart."

Carlyle said "Blessed is the man who has found his work." In an off-hand way this is so, but not in a deeper sense. It is essential to a state of true contentment that one should realize the purpose of one's work. What, for the Antiquarian Bookseller, may this be? It is to create and conserve a sentimental interest in the great writers and their works. Schools, societies, critics concern themselves mainly with the academically literary qualities of an author, the antiquarian booksellers with the humanly literary. Glance at their catalogues and observe how, in describing letters or some newly discovered pieces of manuscripts, say of Byron or Shelley or Dickens, they would dwell on their human features. It isn't for nothing that so much fuss is made over "points," whether as to binding or the printed sheets, since these help to establish the priority of issue, and thereby to connect the item with the author more intimately. The enhancement in value of a book which bears an inscription by the author rests upon the same principle of human interest.

Always personality is kept in the centre, through a synthetic approach as against the analytic method employed by scholars. Consequent upon these activities, stressing the personal element, we find that collectors entertain a real affectionate regard for the authors, whose works they accumulate and preserve. Folger loved Shakespeare, Amy Lowell loved Keats, John Burns has a genuine fondness for Sir Thomas More, so has Owen D. Young for Charles Lamb, John Gribble for Robert Burns. Why, let me ask, is Swinburne neglected? Because he lacks the genial human appeal, a quality Stevenson so richly possessed. Why again is Dr. Johnson such a ready favorite? Because Boswell presented him with a compelling humanness. And yes: why does Shaw, a towering figure in the world of literature, fail to get a wide and sustained hold upon the collectors, the torch-bearers of literary abidingness? Because, odd as it may sound, Shaw, in his emotionally human attributes, is still an undefined entity. His letters, endless and restless as the sea, will convey the true Shaw. See what will happen then.

Generally speaking, an author must have a warm personality joined to solid literary merit to draw the collector. Two particularly striking cases come to my mind of highly gifted English writers of long standing. The Antiquarian Booksellers do not feature them, seldom even list them in their catalogues, and collectors ignore them. And all on account of their forbidding personality. Incidentally, this points to a differentiation of spheres between the bookseller of modern books and the antiquarian bookseller. A book by a coldly cynical writer may have a large general sale, and a negligible sale as a collector's item. It is also worthy of note that, whereas the poet has a first call upon the collector, he usually meets with scant current recognition. And why, once more, is the poet held so high by the collector? Because poetry is of the soul—which is Man.

One last word on the relation between the antiquarian bookseller and the collector. This might conveniently, and perhaps fitly, if not quite accurately, be described as that between the match and the candle.

They are one, though separable. Both find their common fulfilment in the diffusion of light—the light of culture.

Books of the Spring

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Melody of Chaos" (Longmans, Green), G. Lowes Dickinson's "After Two Thousand Years" (Norton), H. M. Tomlinson's "Out of Soundings" (Harpers), and Edmund Wilson's "Axel's Castle" (Scribners), a study in the literature of 1870 to 1930.

And so we come to travel, and to such books as Julian Duguid's vivid record of South American adventure, "Green Hell" (Century), Julian Huxley's "Africa View" (Harpers)—incidentally Africa seems to be the next land that is to draw the tourist,—"I Like Mexico" (Macmillan), by Stuart Chase, "Greek Cities of Italy and Sicily" (Oxford University Press), by D. Randall McIver, "Jungle Ways" (Harcourt, Brace), by William Seabrook, a book as full of picturesque incident and experience as its predecessors would lead Mr. Seabrook's many readers to expect, "The Great Southwest" (Morrow), by Charles J. Finger, and "Jungles Preferred" (Houghton Mifflin), by Janet Miller.

And now, the gods be praised, we have reached that last resort of our carelessness, that category labelled "miscellaneous," into which we put not only those books that have no sharply defined classification but those which should have gone into other groups and were by accident omitted from them. We don't want to pass them by, so here they are in this *omnium gatherum*. "The Way Out, a Program for America" (Macmillan), by Norman Thomas, "The Academy for Souls" (Farrar & Rinehart), by John O'Hara Cosgrave, "Vanished Fleets" (Holt), by A. J. Villiers, "The Nemesis of American Business" (Macmillan), by Stuart Chase, "Business Adrift" (Whittlesey), by W. B. Donham, "A Short Introduction to the History of Human Stupidity" (Simon & Schuster), by Walter B. Pitkin, "Radio Writing" (Century), by Peter Dixon, "What This Country Needs" (Covici-Friede), by Jay Franklin, "Body, Mind, and Spirit" (Marshall Jones), by Elwood Worcester and Samuel McComb, "The Stars in Their Courses" (Macmillan), by Sir James Jeans, "The Flame of Islam" (Doubleday, Doran), by Harold Lamb, "The Magnificent Comedy" (Farrar & Rinehart), by Meade Mennigerode, "The Evolution of England" (Oxford University Press), by James A. Williamson, "Puritan's Progress" (Scribners), by Arthur Train, and "If, or History Rewritten" (Viking), by a group of eminent contributors. "All About New York" (Day), by Rian James, and "This New York of Mine" (Cosmopolitan), by Charles Hanson Towne, "Incredible Truth" (Cosmopolitan), by Irwin S. Cobb, "The Island of Penguins" (McBride), by Cherry Kearton, "The Wrong Side of the Tracks" (Bobbs-Merrill), "Galileo, Searcher of the Heavens" (McBride), by Emile Naemer, "Big Town" (Day), by Philip McKee, and "Builders of Delusion" (Bobbs-Merrill), by Henshaw Ward. And oh, yes, there are two novels we forgot to mention here which we don't want to omit, "Poor Caroline" (McBride), by Winifred Holtby, and "Peregrine" (McBride), by R. Dyke Acland.

At last! "In the dead vast and middle of the night" we cease our labors.

Under the auspices of Rollins College, Winter Park, Florida, and conducted by the Professor of Books, Mr. Edwin O. Grover, a "Book Pilgrimage" will be made to England and the Continent this summer. It is to last two months, and has been designed to follow the course of the printed book from Strasbourg, where John Gutenberg carved his first wooden type, to London, where printing reached its climax in the work of William Morris.

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DAT OLE DAVIL MCEVOY HIMSELF

HEYWOOD BROUN says that insufficient attention has been paid to J. P. McEvoy. . . . Well, let's see. . . . Within the last few months he has had featured serials in *The Saturday Evening Post* and *Liberty*, a radio sketch with a coast-to-coast hook-up reaching millions of people, two big-time talkies, a pair of Broadway revues, a comic strip known all over America, translations of *Show Girl* in almost every civilized language, and reprints of his million and one greeting cards and wall-mottoes from Times Square to Timbuctoo. . . .

And now *The Inner Sanctum* unveils McEvoy's latest book, *Mister Noodle*—an extravaganza of the comic strip game . . . a terrible title but a swelegant book, on the basis of which FREDERIC VAN DE WATER of *the New York Evening Post* nominates MAC for the Nobel Prize: "*If we were building for the ages we should insist on sealing in the monument's corner-stone the collected works of* J. P. McEVOY."

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NEWS!

Men of Art by THOMAS CRAVEN is an instantaneous and spectacular best-seller. . . . R. H. Macy lists it as Number One in general literature. . . . Other *Inner Sanctum* publications on current best-seller lists are *Hard Lines* and *Cross Word Puzzle Book—Series Nineteen*. . . . Seven years ago this week the first *Cross Word Puzzle Book* was published. . . . It is still in demand. . . . Except for the *Post Graduate Cross Word Puzzle Book*, the first million copies were the hardest. . . . FRANZ WERFEL'S forthcoming novel, *The Pure In Heart* has been selected as the May choice of *The Book League of America*. . . . *The Inner Sanctum* congratulates DOUBLEDAY DORAN on acquiring the privilege of publishing SINCLAIR LEWIS, and SINCLAIR LEWIS on going Garden City. . . . Believe it or not, ROBERT L. RIPLEY is on his way to Egypt to make the Sphinx talk. . . . Not only talk but cry "Uncle!"

ESSANDESS.

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THE PHOENIX NEST

WE seem to have been reading a good deal of hard-boiled literature recently. The hardest-boiled has been *William Faulkner's* "Sanctuary," (Cape & Smith). We are half through "Sanctuary" and it has already given us the shudders. Its atmosphere is the most unrelievedly sinister of any novel we have read for a long time. It is most certainly no meat for babes, and yet the sheer writing is such that one must acknowledge the literary mastery of the author. . . . In the latter part of *Mildred Gilman's* "Sob Sister" (Cape & Smith) the girl reporter who has, in the pursuit of duty this time, not of pleasure, got herself into a horrible jam, asks herself whether it is possible that some things happen and answers herself that her whole work has been to cover for her paper just such terrible stories as that in which she seems about to be a participant. That the most brutal and cruel things do happen we have no further to go than the testimony of the daily press. They constitute the featured news of the day. They are its shrieking melodrama, full of dumb-animal brutality, of courses of action usually bound up with alcoholism. The majority of people know such events only as tabloid news. Their appeal to the writer, to the true creative writer with an imagination, is that of their intense, if almost incredibly, sordid drama. But the actors in such episodes, as they emerge upon the front pages of newspapers, gather about them usually a haze of unreality, clothed as they are in the hectic phrases journalism chooses to adopt. . . . Mrs. Gilman brings out the reality of the people in crime set over against their newspaper presentments. Deeply experienced in the work of a gatherer of sensational news, she gives us an honest picture of the change of viewpoint wrought upon a woman journalist through sudden unsought intimacy with a criminal gang following on her detached position as the dresser-up of criminal news in flamboyant phrases, as the bloodhound coldly exposing the most intimate griefs and tragedies of others. Her book is convincing, the latter part of it written with admirable pace and handling of suspense. We are glad to hear that it is also to appear as a moving-picture. It ought to make, in the proper hands, as satisfactory a newspaper film as "The Finger Points," in which we recently saw *Richard Barthelmess*. . . .

There is some relief, however, to Mrs. Gilman's story, the ordinary everyday life of the newspaper fraternity, the picture of a most human, normal, intelligent girl, fascinated by the excitement of newspaper work but finding that it leaves her own private existence stripped of everything that really makes life worth living. Journalism becomes a drug to her soul. She is successful in it; and then suddenly, believing that all the while she has been plunged deeply in reality, she is thrust suddenly into the clutches of a stark reality that makes all the "copy" she has ever turned in seem like the garish distortion it is. She has fallen in love. She decides to drop from the journalistic chase, at least for a while. . . .

Mr. Faulkner, however, has written a story with no thesis. He has desired merely to present a glaringly cruel tragedy of morons of various types, notably the young collegian! A dim spark of humanity flickers here and there in the character of the wretched Tommy, before he dies. The woman Ruby has aspects of nobility. Horace Benbow is likable. That is about all. Yet there are a number of indications that Mr. Faulkner could write quite as absorbing novels of more average life. What he has chosen is the exceptional concatenation of circumstances. It is the unusual that interests him. That, indeed, has always been apparent in his work. and he possesses most extraordinary power to vivify the unusual. His depiction has nothing in common with journalism. It is literary art. To examine the mechanism of his presentation is to realize how remarkable are his abilities as a writer. Perhaps he will always choose his material to give us the thrill of horror. He achieves his end. But one hopes that he will also attempt larger canvases, showing a greater area of real life. . . .

The younger writers mostly quest for the exceptional instance because they seem to feel that to write of average life is dull. They like piling up detail not usually described. There is certainly a feeling abroad today that to live average life is dull. That depends upon how you look at it. If life were merely physical activity—but the larger part of life is not. Neither is the most interesting part of life in the processes of sodden, animalistic, or half-witted minds. The ways in which people act in order to escape from routine into the excitement of something new is legitimate material for the novelist, most certainly. But there is other great wealth of material. And it merely seems a pity to us that, as sometimes appears to be the case, the most exceptionally skilled of our younger writers prefer to leave the depiction of average life, which is never really average, in the hands of less able artificers who bedaub it with sentimentality. . . .

The other hard-boiled book we read with absorption is *T. S. Matthews's* "To the Gallows I Must Go" (Knopf). Here we have the story of Todd Lorimer paralleling almost precisely the story of a person who was executed not so many years ago for his participation in a particularly atrocious murder. Before he went to the chair, in fact, this individual wrote his own story which was published. A perhaps natural emotionalism, however, and a perfectly natural inability to write, so ruined the story that the book was even an unsatisfactory "human document." Mr. Matthews, till recently a brilliant staff contributor to *The New Republic*, who obviously became fascinated (as so many of us were at the time) by one of the strangest murder stories of recent times, the man murderer being as he was such a particularly humdrum and inconspicuous average citizen, gives us what his publishers call an "exposition of a normal mind becoming subservient to a criminal one," that carries conviction. The novel is written in the first person and the language is satisfactory; the art of the actual narrator is sufficiently concealed. The book makes as good a thriller as one is likely to read, even though the actual story as one followed it in the newspapers for weeks immediately recurs to the mind. Indeed, one would think this a handicap to "To the Gallows I Must Go," whereas, at least to one reader, it proved precisely the opposite. Even where murders are not mysteries there always remains a dissatisfaction with their journalistic presentation that sets one wondering as to the actual mental processes and the actual successive impact of small events that led up to the tragedy. Mr. Matthews's reconstruction shows a considerable understanding of average human nature, an understanding that almost appals when one stops to consider how trivial, almost blind, choices tend to link themselves in a chain that twists to throttle all rationality. . . .

The Literary Guild selection for June is *Walter Millis's* study of our war with Spain, entitled "The Martial Spirit" (Houghton Mifflin). The book will be published in June, and from all we hear it ought to be a volume that will throw considerable new light on the making of American history. Mr. Millis, now an editorial writer on the New York *Herald Tribune*, has made a name for himself in journalism. He has also written some fiction. The son of an Army officer, he served as a Lieutenant of Field Artillery in the late Great War. He has seen the martial spirit working at close range. His analysis of it in historical perspective should inculcate new lessons this country still needs to learn. . . .

We went to the New York *Evening Post* alumni dinner and were among those who applauded the presentation of a medal for distinguished service to *Alexander Dana Noyes*, now financial editor of the New York *Times*, and for long the most eminent financial editor in the United States. We enjoyed particularly a speech by *Robert E. Macalarny*, speaking for the old City Room. It was, as usual, a cheery gathering, and *John Gavit* presided in his usual amusing fashion. . . .

The April Selection of The Catholic Book Club is a good one, namely "Mère Marie of the Ursulines," a biography written by *Agnes Repplier*. It is published by Doubleday, Doran.

And so good night!

THE PHOENICIAN.

The AMEN CORNER

"Give me but one hour of Scotland—
Let me see it ere I die!"[1]

The charm of eighteenth-century Edinburgh, of the "Athens of the North," still hangs about Charlotte Square and Ainslee Place, giving to those broad and windy streets, to those couchant sphinxes and classical fanlights, an airy touch of something less forbiddingly remote and disciplined than the mountainous North. To such an Edinburgh belonged Henry Mackenzie, about whom the Oxonian has just been reading in the fascinating pages of *A Scottish Man of Feeling*, which the Oxford University Press has just published. The author, Mr. Harold W. Thompson of Albany, rediscovered and caused to be published in 1928 for the first time Mackenzie's posthumous reminiscences, *Anecdotes and Egotisms*,[2] a book which the *London Mercury* rightly hailed as "one in a million." In the present book, Mr. Thompson, who is the only American to receive the degree of D. Litt. from Edinburgh University, writes more of the period than of the man, the period of the golden age of Scottish literature. This book, telling us of Sir Walter, of Hume, of Burns, cannot but delight those who do not share Dr. Johnson's rather vocal prejudices in the matter of Scotland.

We are far from sharing them; but we always enjoy them and were delighted when Mr. Chapman's fine edition of Johnson's *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*, and Boswell's *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides with Samuel Johnson, LL.D.*[3] was added the other day to the *Oxford Standard Authors*. Mr. Thompson's very first paragraph gives a characteristic anecdote of the great "Anti-Caledonian."

"After the Union of 1707 between Scotland and England," observed Benjamin Franklin, "it was discovered that Jonah had swallowed the whale." . . . "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, his pockets jungling with the pension granted by a Scottish Prime Minister, "it is not so much to be lamented that Old England is lost, as that the Scotch have found it."

Though Mackenzie's life began in the days of Johnson it ended only a year before the death of Scott (1832), who was one of his best friends, and paid him no less an honor than the dedication of *Waverley*.[4]

"These volumes
Being respectfully inscribed
to
Our Scottish Addison
Henry Mackenzie
by
an unknown Admirer
of
his Genius."

As you will observe, 1932 will be the Centenary of Scott's death, and we hear that the Oxford University Press is going to commemorate the occasion by issuing a volume called *The Heart of Scott's Poetry*, compiled by Dr. John Haynes Holmes. His complete *Poems* are already, of course, in the *Oxford Standard Authors*, as are those of Burns.[5] A real Burns enthusiast or a real bibliophile should have the type-facsimile edition of the *Kilmarnock Burns*, 1786, in the ever fascinating *Oxford Miscellany Series*,[6] which also contains Mr. D. Nichol Smith's edition of *Jeffrey's Literary Criticism*. Jeffrey, as editor of the newly-founded *Edinburgh Review*, was at the head of the brilliant circle of "Scotch Reviewers"[7] who were the strongest, if most controversial, link between Mackenzie's Edinburgh and literary London.

The real strength of their criticism was not in their somewhat forcible use of words, but in their philosophical background. Mr. Thompson says, in particular, that it is "futile" to study Scottish literature without a knowledge of Hume, and we turned at once to his *Enquiries* and his *Treatise of Human Nature*.[8] Then there is Birkbeck Hill's edition of the *Letters to Strahan*.[9] But we shall carry in our pocket for reading in bus and train his *Essays* in the *World's Classics*[10] series, "that blessing to society!"

On our week-end we shall take the *Edinburgh Book of Scottish Verse*.[11]

THE OXONIAN.

Our Book of the Month: A SCOTTISH MAN OF FEELING, by H. W. Thompson. $5.00. (1) Aytoun: *Poems*. In the *Oxford Standard Authors* $1.50. Send for complete list. (2) $5.00. (3) India paper, $4.00. (4) India paper, $3.00. *Scott's Novels* in 24 vols. cloth, $36.00. (6) $1.50 each. (6) $1.25 each. (7) Byron: *Poems*. $1.50 (8) $3.00 each. (9) $4.25. (10) 80c each. Send for complete list. 114 Fifth Avenue. (11) $6.00.

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